

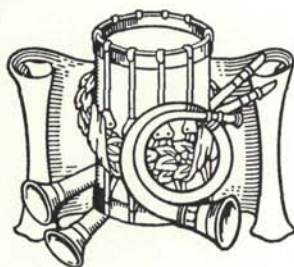
MERCURY

How the Communists Hoodwinked FDR	Louis Francis Budenz
The Fortunes of Four Corners	Lee Karlan
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There Was a Man Sent from God	J. M. Stickley
Let's Put Whistler's Mother in Her Place	Eleanor Dunne
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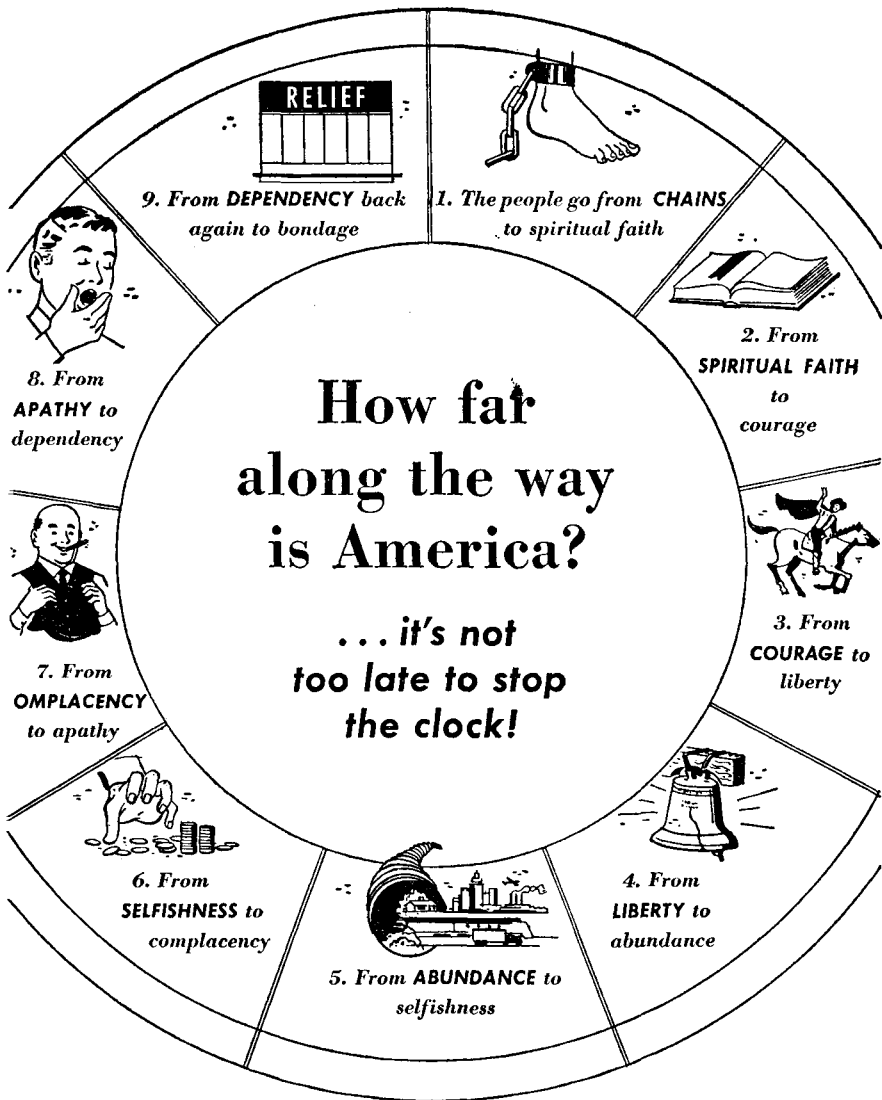
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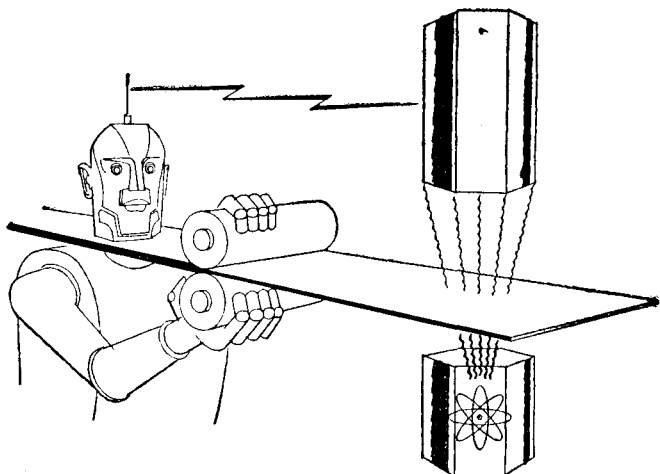
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OCTOBER 1954

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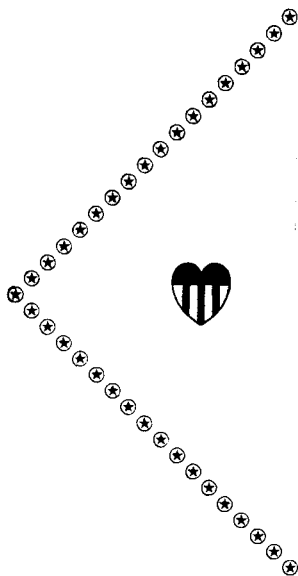
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How the **COMMUNISTS** **HOODWINKED** **FDR**

By Louis Francis Budenz

HISTORY in our day is recording a new American tragedy — Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The Squire of Hyde Park, who received the highest honors ever given an American, was induced to pursue a course which has brought the greatest peril on the American republic. The encirclement of this country by Soviet conquest, predicted by Stalin in March, 1939, was forwarded by Mr. Roosevelt's agreements at Teheran and Yalta. The acts of the four-time President forged a chain of events, including the pact at Potsdam after his death, leading unfortunately but logically to the loss of the Korean War and the possible collapse of all Asia.

With the carefree tune "Happy

Days Are Here Again," Red infiltration of the Government was permitted on such a scale that it plagues our internal security down to this day. The Roosevelt pattern of acquiescence to the Kremlin and the complacency to the Soviet fifth column has put its stamp on both political parties. Today, as a consequence, the Communists can officially threaten both the Republican and Democratic machines with the necessity to defeat every "McCarthyite-McCarranite candidate" in the coming Congressional elections.

To put it bluntly, Mr. Roosevelt was hoodwinked by the Communists. And the hoodwinking was so thorough that it continues to affect

many leading figures who represent themselves as partisan political opponents of the late chief executive.

These unhappy events, which are still cursing us, did not take place because Mr. Roosevelt was pro-Communist, as has been mysteriously and falsely whispered in many quarters. When he was first elected to the Presidency, the Communists denounced him as a Fascist. On January 18, 1933, immediately after that election, the Central Committee of the Communist Party officially called for preparations for civil war and the proletarian revolution, with a view to overthrowing his government. Throughout that year and into 1934, the Communist Party and the *Daily Worker* continued these incendiary statements, denouncing "the Roosevelt war and hunger program" and pledging that they would destroy him and his "Fascist regime."

During that period, the newly-elected President was considered "the Kerensky of the United States," after whose rule would come the dictatorship of the proletariat by violence. This was not only the dream of Alice Prentice Barrows and Lawrence Todd of the Soviet Tass Agency, as they frankly stated to Dr. William A. Wirt of the Gary Schools; it was the position of the Soviet fifth column, expressed in Communist jargon by Earl Browder at the Eighth Party Convention in 1934. Then he assailed Roosevelt and proclaimed the way out to be "the

proletarian dictatorship" and "a Soviet government in the United States."

THIS openly expressed purpose of the Communist Party to smash our government by violence makes all the more incredible the first fatal step of President Roosevelt — the recognition of Soviet Russia on November 16, 1933. Evidently Mr. Roosevelt committed the gross error which has apparently been imitated by his successors, of never reading seriously the Communist documents circulated among the Reds and to which they strictly adhere. He merely got his information "by ear," from a court of admirers and advisers who were strongly influenced by associations with concealed Communists or by those who looked favorably on the comrades under the starry-eyed misapprehension that the Reds actually stood for reforms.

The forwarding of "peace" was the prominent reason given by the President for the act of recognition, a thought with which the aged "President" Kalenin of Soviet Russia officially agreed. In its front page editorial of November 20, 1933, on "Recognition of the USSR," the *Daily Worker* went to some pains to show that the Communist conception of "peace" was the direct opposite of that held by the White House. On this point it wrote: "The Communist Party of the USA, section of the Communist International, points out that the



only guarantee of peace is the abolition of capitalism. Its main task is the abolition of capitalism in the United States," that is, the violent overthrow of the government of this country. Such a concept envisaged endless wars until the world Soviet dictatorship could be attained.

The President and his advisers seemed blithely unaware that the "peace" which they were allegedly forwarding by Soviet recognition was to be the enlargement of war against the United States. Nor did they seem to know that Moscow itself had presented such an interpretation of the act of recognition to its followers throughout the world. In a directive article entitled "Roosevelt's Step Toward Recognition of the Soviet Union," issued on the eve of full recognition, Moscow let it be known that this was an act which helped free the Soviet dictatorship from being completely "isolated in its capitalist environment." And it gave this warning to the Stalinites of the world: "Only the international victory of the proletarian revolution, the brotherly union of Soviet republics achieved on a world scale, will free humanity from the scourge of war." You may read those words in black and white in the October 27, 1933, issue of *International Press Correspondence*,

then the official reportorial and directive organ of the Communist International.

Among the President's own supporters, President William Green of the American Federation of Labor warned of the ill effects that would follow close relations with the Soviet dictatorship. Mr. Green's words, re-read today, sound almost prophetic. The leading expert on Soviet Russia, the Reverend Edmund Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University, also advised Mr. Roosevelt that recognition would be a calamity. Such objections were airily waved aside, because the President was taking his advice from that group of "reformers" who became so powerful. Secretary of Commerce Harold Ickes was one of these, and to his dying day Mr. Ickes defended the "rights" of the Communist conspiracy and assailed the prosecution of Red leaders under the Smith Act. Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins was another, and she proved in time to be a staunch defender of Harry Bridges, later convicted of perjury for swearing he was not a Communist. Still another was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, whom the President specifically mentioned as agreeing with him on recognition, and whose long record of softness toward the Reds has be-



come almost an American classic in what not to do.

Every one of these persons in some way or another, often very hazily, considered the Communists, and many who were concealed Communists, to be in the camp of "reform." The Reds had made a loud noise about social insurance, and had even succeeded in having an impossible bill of their own introduced into Congress. The Roosevelt administration was also planning a social insurance measure as a chief feature of the "New Deal." It was easy to persuade the President's advisers that the Reds were a harmless lot, meaning well, and that Soviet Russia had many good points about it.

Even in 1933, there were plenty of concealed Communists, who had been intermingled with adherents and advisers of the administration in "social reform movements," ready and willing to paint the most roseate picture of what would result from closer Soviet-American relations. In that year, I was editor of *Labor Age* and not yet a Communist, although already among those willing to be taken in by the Soviet fifth column. In the spring of 1933, or the very last part of 1932, I had been approached by J. M. Budish, former editor of the *Hat and Cap Makers* paper and then with the Amtorg Trading Corporation. Budish told me that the visit "must be strictly confidential" as he was supposed, as a member of the Amtorg staff,

not to interfere in American affairs. But he was interfering just the same under orders of the Soviet Embassy, and he wanted me to get resolutions through labor union conventions favorable to recognition.

"We have plenty of channels of communication into the Roosevelt camp," he said, "and we know that the new President is willing to recognize the Soviet Union, but there must be some gestures of popular support to give him a cause for such action."

BEING one of the gullible, I agreed to cooperate and proceeded to do so. But, it will be noted, at that early date the Communists could read the Roosevelt mind, because they had "channels" which could provide the information for them. There were persons of the type of Mary Van Kleeck, then Director of the Russell Sage Foundation, who had cooperated with the Communists on their social insurance bill and who had become a sponsor or member of approximately sixty Communist fronts by April 1, 1951, according to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. There were also those like Josephine Truslow Adams, professor of painting at Swarthmore College, who was subsequently to be identified by three witnesses as "commuting" between the national headquarters of the Communist Party and the White House.

From the beginning of closer re-

lationships, the Kremlin showed its bad faith to an extent which should have opened the eyes of the President. One of the conditions of recognition, upon which Mr. Roosevelt had insisted, was that Red subversive activities should be brought to a halt in the United States. This was solemnly agreed to in writing by Moscow, although it had already laid extensive preparations for violating such a pledge. This it had done by stimulating the famous "Open Letter to the Party," under which the American Communists were ordered to infiltrate every avenue of our nation's life. It was followed up by widespread penetration: the Washington cell of Alger Hiss; Lee Pressman, Nathan Witt, and Charles Kramer-Krivitsky going into the Department of Agriculture, under the beneficent wing of Henry Agard Wallace. Thence these gentlemen were to fan out into other divisions of government and into important posts in organizations affecting governmental policies.

IN 1935, Mr. Roosevelt was given a rude shock, illustrating the Kremlin's perfidy in its pledges, when the Seventh Congress of the Communist International was called, to meet in Moscow with a large American delegation represented. Our government protested that this was a violation of the agreement of recognition, and that protest showed that Mr. Roosevelt was still suspicious of Moscow's designs. But the

Soviet government replied that it was no more responsible for the Communist International than the United States Government was for the meeting of some organization here, such as the Chamber of Commerce. And Mr. Roosevelt promptly surrendered to the spirit of gullibility, doing no more about this matter, although the role of the Comintern as the direct agency of Moscow was well established by scores of Communist documents and acts.

This surrender was an important one. The setting was laid for the speeding up of Red subversion, including infiltration of the Government. The Communists and their friends found an open sesame for invasion of the Government in all directions, until eventually Lauchlin Currie was executive assistant administrator to the President himself, Alger Hiss became a power in the State Department, Harry Dexter White dominated the Treasury, and Owen Lattimore laid down the fatal policies concerning the Far East.

As early as 1936, the Communist Party itself began to sneak under the folds of the Roosevelt tent by indirectly supporting him for President. Earl Browder, then the head of the Communist Party, explained that this was "choosing the lesser evil," which indicated the contempt the Soviet agents had for our President. In the campaign, Roosevelt repudiated any Communist support, but this did not deter the Stalinites. By this time, they knew their man.

At that early date, reports came in to the national headquarters of the Communist Party giving the most intimate details of what was on the President's mind, of the hankering in the White House for a conflict with Japan, and of other conversations and personal statements by the President which were certainly hidden from the public ear. These reports, from Red "channels of information," were repeated in my presence, since I was then an active participant in the Communist conspiracy. Such reports went on, gaining in volume, until almost the moment of Mr. Roosevelt's death on April 13, 1945.

THE Communists and their allies always played upon the weaknesses or ambitions of public figures, and since the prize in this case was so great, this technique was doubly used. Mr. Roosevelt's hopes and dreams to "beat the depression," then to become a great war President, and then to complete and perfect the work of Woodrow Wilson by founding the United Nations, were all registered at Communist headquarters and were taken advantage of by those near to the President who were Communist influenced. It was the Red plan to encircle the President completely, just as the long-time plan of the Kremlin was to encircle the United States.

In order to accomplish this end, the Communists understood that they could not be content merely

with planting their own agents in various governmental posts, although that was a great asset. They had to create a whole atmosphere which would surround the White House and engulf it. To do that, for one thing, they would have to cultivate and influence men and women in the highest legislative and administrative positions.

Out of my own experience as a Red, some illustrations can be drawn. Under instructions, I cultivated the acquaintance of the late Representative Adolph A. Sabath, chairman of the powerful Rules Committee of the House of Representatives. His weak spot, on which I and other Communists played, was his pride in having been a member of the Knights of Labor, and I had to listen for hours to his reminiscences on that subject. But out of it all he did say: "I have the utmost confidence in the Communists. You people know how to defend the New Deal better than the New Dealers themselves."

Sabath's defense of the "civil liberties" of the Soviet fifth column continued down to his death, winning applause on occasion from the *Daily Worker*. As a Communist, I gained the respect of Harry L. Hopkins, who certainly was close enough to Mr. Roosevelt, by writing a careful series of articles on behalf of the WPA. This series Mr. Hopkins declared to be "the best he had ever read," and upon that basis I was able to advise him on the "integrity of

Stalin" and the fact that the Soviet dictator "could be thoroughly relied upon" at a most critical period. When such a view went to the President, and was compounded by the advice of Alger Hiss and many others, it could not but be effective.

If I, as an open Communist, could perform such services for the conspiracy among men in high position, it can be seen readily what a concealed Communist could do. And those who were Reds, but pretended not to be, continued to enter the various departments of government, even during the Hitler-Stalin pact period. Then it was that there was a temporary break in the lute, with the Communist Party officially denouncing the President as "another Hitler" and doing all in its power to incite strikes halting defense production. That period was soon to end, with Hitler's attack on Russia.

THEREUPON the immediate Communist objective became the opening of the second front in Europe to save the Kremlin, and persuading the United States to needle Japan into war. The chief target of these objectives was necessarily the White House. By that time, the Communists had many friends in and around the executive department. Lauchlin Currie occupied a unique position in this respect, and proved to be a valuable aid. If he could pick up the telephone and get a Communist or pro-Communist placed in some department by merely

saying, "The Executive Department wants this," he could do much more. He also had access to the State Department, and from that vantage point personally appointed Owen Lattimore to be adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, although technically it was a presidential appointment.

The open Communist propaganda for the United States to save Soviet Russia, which went to the extent of bringing Charlie Chaplin to New York to champion the second front, was hectic and spectacular. But it was nothing in its frenzy compared to the internal pressure exercised on the White House. Couriers flew back and forth between the national headquarters of the Communist Party in New York and the national capital, with instructions to various Communists in Washington concerning what they should do.

I had been present at more than one meeting of the American Politburo where directives were given to these couriers, designed to affect Mr. Roosevelt. All sorts of arguments were coined which it was thought would appeal to him, not the least of which was the high position he would occupy in history if he completed the work of Woodrow Wilson by establishing a better and more democratic world after the war. This could not be done until the Axis was defeated, and that defeat could be brought about only by the United States striking directly at the continent of Europe.

Auxiliary forces were also brought

into play. Charles Kramer-Krivitsky, later to be revealed as a Soviet espionage agent, was to influence Senator Harvey M. Kilgore of West Virginia. Lee Pressman was to see that Senator Claude Pepper was enlisted in the cause of the second front. Other comrades were assigned to specific Senators and Representatives, all of whom they could meet naturally in the course of their Washington functions. The whole atmosphere in the capital was made to create the impression that it was our duty to go to the aid of Soviet Russia and at the same time take a stiff attitude toward Japan.

How well the Communist Party had things in hand by then is indicated by the circumstances surrounding the release of Earl Browder. Convicted and imprisoned in 1940 for perjury in connection with a passport, Browder was now represented by the Communists as a great symbol of "national unity." A campaign, which enlisted educators, scientists, ministers, and publicists, was conducted for his release from Atlanta. At the outbreak of the German-Soviet war, negotiations were stepped up with the White House itself. Here again, Lauchlin Currie played no small role. The Communists insisted that the reason to be given for Browder's release was that it was in the interests of "national unity." Those were the words eventually used by Mr. Roosevelt, largely due to the suggestions of those upon whom he

relied for advice but who were under Communist influences.

IT WAS during World War II, while the press and public figures were acclaiming our "gallant Soviet ally," that the Communists performed their final and most successful coup at the White House. It was to soften up the President for the subsequent meeting with Stalin at Teheran and Yalta. The groundwork was laid for this by the super-patriotism which the Communists exhibited during the war, although their sole concern was victory for Soviet Russia. They shouted against strikes, they took the lead in backing incentive pay, and they were the loudest in praising the President of the United States.

In the Red lexicon, he finally became referred to almost exclusively as "the Commander in Chief." Those in Washington who received Communist instructions were told to base all their arguments in support of "the Roosevelt policies" on the ground that he was the Commander in Chief and what he wanted should prevail. It was their intention and design to make certain that what he wanted was what Moscow wanted.

To make this certainty a reality, a sub rosa connection was established between Earl Browder and the President. Mr. Roosevelt, pleased that all was going his way and that he was receiving such resolute assistance, welcomed this arrangement. As I have said, three witnesses who

were in positions to know have testified under oath that a gracious lady, Josephine Truslow Adams, was Browder's representative to the White House in this interchange of thoughts and ideas.

The way was now prepared for the debacles of Teheran and Yalta. The Communist leadership, down on 13th Street in New York, were aware that each of these conferences was to take place well in advance of the "caution" notices sent out by the press services that the President was abroad but that this was not to be mentioned in any newspaper. That notice was designed to prevent the information from getting to the enemy — although the chief enemy of the United States, working in our midst as an ally, knew all about it and prepared for it. The Red leaders here had a two-way street for this information. One came through such couriers as Sergei Kournakoff and Felix Kuzman, direct from the Soviet Consulate and from Gerhart Eisler, Communist International representative. The other came from inside the White House.

By that time, the middle forties, practically the entire official family of the President were being advised technically by Communist agents or those working with the Communists. It was almost like magic to sit in with an obscure group of men, such as Jack Stachel and Alexander Bittelman, unknown to the American people and never in the headlines of the press, and observe them dic-

tate what the President of the United States was to do in his meetings with Stalin. It was equally amazing to learn later, with a startling rapidity, that Mr. Roosevelt was to do precisely those things.

THE President was won over to the idea — a tragic one — that Soviet Russia must have "friendly nations on its borders" in order to insure peace. So strong was the pro-Communist influence in the inner circles by then that little consideration was given to the obvious fact that "friendly nations" from the Soviet viewpoint meant nations completely Sovietized. The fate of Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia — with whom Moscow had entered into a non-aggression pact for their "protection," and had then seized — should have been a warning. But all such considerations were cast aside, and the betrayal of Poland was preordained.

The President was persuaded to the policy of "unconditional surrender" and the "punishment of the German nation" — which the Kremlin wanted as an addition to its slave labor system and its eventual conquest of all Germany. In like manner, and with the argument that was to turn Eastern Europe over to Soviet rule, the foundations were laid in the President's mind for the betrayal of China.

Three figures within the White House circle stood out in inducing Mr. Roosevelt to take this course

injurious to the United States. The first of them was Alger Hiss, dominating the State Department and receiving constant though very covert instructions from the Communist high command. The second was Harry L. Hopkins, who illustrates how valuable to the Soviet fifth column are confused "liberals," and whose counsels on Poland and the rest of East Europe were all in the Soviet direction. The third was the well-meaning but ill-informed Henry Morgenthau, who followed step by step the advice of his chief assistant, the Soviet agent, Harry Dexter White.

There is nothing more pathetic in the pages of history than the half-dying FDR making the trip to Crimea, into the territory of our alleged ally but actually our enemy, a prisoner in effect of the Communist conspiracy.

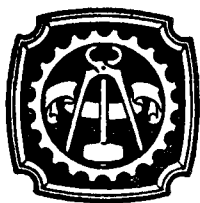
IN HIS long regime, Mr. Roosevelt performed many acts for the benefit of his country. His spirit of initiative aroused the United States in the midst of a deep depression, although he actually did not "beat" that depression except through war. His appearance of self-assurance gave assurance to many others throughout the nation. But this very strength, as well as the weakness that went with it of feeling that he was overshrewd, was played upon by the Communists for his ruin.

Mr. Roosevelt was so easily hood-

winked by the Reds because he disdained to study carefully the foe with which he was confronted, Soviet Communism. From the Communist documents themselves he had plenty of forewarnings of what they had in store for him. Stalin had written in the *Foundations of Leninism* that this is the period of world revolution, and that Soviet Russia was the base for the overthrow of all other governments.

The Soviet dictator had also made it the duty of his followers to transform into "transmission belts" for the Communist line all agencies in the countries which were to be conquered. Mr. Roosevelt missed entirely the significance of this program, just as he airily overlooked the Aesopian language or double-talk about "peace" which the Kremlin used when it was planning future aggression.

This serious defect, costing us so much in lives and in the loss of allies throughout the world, has unfortunately been passed on to his successors. Some day, it is to be hoped, a President will come into office, before it is too late, who will understand the nature of Soviet Communism and its strategy and tactics. That President, learning from the Roosevelt debacle, will be able, like the late Theodore Roosevelt, to restore the United States to a position where it can successfully defend itself and assume moral leadership of the world.



By Lee Karlan

The Fortunes of Four Corners

“WELL,” the lanky man drawled, “they say there ain’t no more frontiers left. Mebbe so. But I reckon this’ll do until I can get to the movie show and see ’bout one of them old’n ones.” The frontier before him, in fact, might have to do at that. There would be very little time for “goin’ to the movie show.” And even if there were, there was too much to see right here . . .

Somewhere near, a growing pile of dumped ore contained a king’s ransom in the Buck Rogers dream dust of our time, uranium. Another few miles away, thousands of feet of super-tough pipe had been drilled into the ground to tap a rock-held ocean of gas and oil. Beyond that, a brand new, gigantic mill roared away at the job of fashioning miraculous metals into raw, ready food for factories thousands of miles away.

Around the sky loomed the high

crag of great mountains. This *was* a frontier—in the good, strong meaning of the word; a new, raw hunk of world yielding itself to tough, hardworking men. The lanky man knew that. He’d been here a few short years ago when it all was just emptiness, unworked except for some coal mines, and virtually untrod except for a scattering of grazing sheep and cattle. And the lanky man knew, too, that here was the emergent answer to all the sad songs of the high-domed pessimists who had said America had no more frontiers, no more dreams, and who wanted to truss the land in the bureaucratic fetters of that pessimism.

The area of the frontier is called Four Corners. It’s where Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico join. It includes Colorado’s plateau, New Mexico’s sweeping buttes, Utah’s rugged peaks, and some of

the unsettled vastness of Arizona.

But what it contains, mainly, is a store of energy resources whose ultimate economic ramifications will make the fabulous wealth of the Comstock Lode seem, comparatively, a dip into a penny bank. Moreover, it seems almost sure to transform this one-time fastness of the Rockies into a new industrial empire.

Present "king" of the region is uranium. The undisputed crown princes, however, are oil and natural gas, the resources upon which plans for the ultimate industrialization of the Rockies must be based. The courtiers in this new empire include germanium, vanadium, copper, lead, zinc, manganese and other vital metals.

What all this means is a large scale duplication of the fantastic growth of the Gulf Coast bordering on Texas and Louisiana; a mating of enormous natural resources with a growing demand for finished products.

THE OIL and natural gas explorations are a good case in point. First of all, the availability of the power sources have attracted scores of new industries. U.S. Vanadium, Kennecott, Atlas Corporation, Monsanto Chemical, new refineries, pipelines complexes, small war plants are on the rolls. Secondly, it has provided new revenues for the state via exports of both gas and oil to the Pacific Coast.

The Largo Field of the San Juan Basin in northwestern New Mexico alone boasts some ten trillion cubic feet of developed natural gas reserve, or a discounted dollar equivalent of about one billion dollars in that single field! The reserves from Largo already pour westward daily to service the tremendous demands of the Southern California markets.

Even on the frontier, however, a lot of people think that uranium sparked the whole chain reaction. The fabulous uranium strikes in the Moab, Utah, area catch and hold the headlines and the legends, as "uraniumaire" becomes a part of the language.

Not so widely known but, in the long pull, of even greater importance in the master plan to make the Rockies virtually sufficient industrially and fuel-wise is how cheap power came to the area.

For decades, competent petroleum engineers and geologists have recognized that somewhere along the slopes of the towering Rockies were bound to lie enormous hydrocarbon deposits — oil, gas, and similar minerals. Structural analogies only served to confirm their initial suspicions, some of which dated back as far as 1892 when the first natural gas well roared into being not far from Salt Lake City. At that time it was only a tourist attraction and the Union Pacific Railroad gleefully advertised special trains to see the flaring gas which, according to a newspaperman of the day, roared

and thundered "in a manner very similar to an earthquake."

No serious attempt, apparently, was made to harness the inferno and after a time the flame and well flickered out of existence. Some wildcatting followed without great success.

Little happened, in fact, until 1951 when a Lowell, Massachusetts, lawyer named John A. McGuire became president of Three States Natural Gas Co., largest single leaseholder in the Four Corners area. The 53-year-old attorney, whose oil and gas background had been gleaned from occasional scannings of stock market reports, took a close look at his acquired and inherited Three States holdings and decided, "We'd better do something about them damn quick — the rentals are eating us alive." What he had on his hands was nearly a million acres of land leases in an area which seemed determined to beat down any and all attempts to tap its known but elusive treasure. McGuire simply didn't care *how* tough the land was. He went about his business as though he'd licked it already.

First he determined that marketing facilities were the prime requisite — "in the event we should hit something." Promptly, he organized the Utah Natural Gas Pipeline Co. — a paper pipeline company whose sole claim to a potential productivity was McGuire's absolute belief that the geologists were right about the gas resources in the area.

Heavy earth-moving equipment rolled into the Schofield, Utah, area and fanned out into the rugged Wasatch Mountains surrounding it. Drilling rigs were imported from Texas and a small army of drillers, geologists, and other technicians and scientists moved into trailer settlements. Schofield, a ghost town since the early 1900's, with the explosion of the town's former reason for being — a small coal mine — came to life.

The first winter was a nip and tuck battle. McGuire had borrowed more than \$1,000,000 on the strength of his belief and the "paper" pipeline. If these first wells failed to come in, the vast promise of Three States would end right there.

The gamble paid off. Today the Clear Creek field of the Three States holdings is the largest single producing unit in the entire Utah-Colorado area.

WITH the initial Three States success, other activity began at once. Companies that had been timid of the rugged wilderness moved right in now to touch off the frontier boom.

It is the most rugged wildcatting in the world. Avalanches, flash floods, blowing out wells in remote locations — all were and are common to the area. Some rigs are shut down by snow for six months of the year. Others keep drilling in snow or rain or whatever — sometimes in temperatures of 30 to 40 below zero.

Roads frequently are twelve per cent from vertical and trucks toppling off the snaking dirt lanes are not uncommon. Wreckage of heavy equipment on the canyon floors grimly marks the course of exploration. Thankfully, so far, there have been no fatalities in the crashes — another real plus on the score of this rugged example of pioneering capital.

The present program from the Utah area alone projects a delivery of 150,000,000 cubic feet per day into the West Coast region from Clear Creek, the nearest natural gas field to California. On the route, Nevada cities long denied natural gas will be included, via lateral lines.

The success of the work, however, is not without shortcomings. For the moment, as an example, the development indicates a temporary economic vacuum for the region stretching from Green River north to Provo, Utah. It was in this belt,

fifty years ago, that some of the largest coal reserves on the continent were established and rapidly mined. Dieselization of railroads plus the growing availability of natural gas for home and industrial use hit these mines as it did most others.

There was initial concern and marked jealousy, naturally enough, when the oil and gas rigs went right up in, so to speak, the coalmen's back yard. But, encouraged by state and local business leaders, most mine owners now are planning with a longer view.

For, with inexpensive power at their very feet, with the mountains and plateaus finally unlocked for their treasure store, and with major rail and aerial arteries converging on the area, a whole new chapter in the history of the Rockies appears to be in the making. And, for all America, a bold new frontier has opened to keep dreams alive and the nation growing.



General Douglas MacArthur said—

"I still proudly possess what to me is the greatest of all honors and distinctions: I am an American."

"The future of our free civilization and the survival of our Christian faith rests with our people."

"History shows either spiritual awakening to overcome moral lapse, or a progressive deterioration leading to ultimate national disaster."

"It is not from the threat of external attack that we have reason for fear. It is from *those insidious forces working from within.*"

By M. D. Bellomy

ANIMAL GANGSTER



THE animal kingdom is harassed by a gangster as hated and feared as his human counterpart. He is cunning and sly, villainous and murderous. He is the North American Wolverine, commonly known as "skunk bear" or "glutton." The Wolverine is hated, especially by hunters and trappers. This wily animal seems to have almost an uncanny faculty for locating traplines. Sometimes only minutes elapse after the trapper has baited and set his trap until a Wolverine appears. Hungry or not, he sneaks close to the trap, glances around to make certain he is undetected, then breaks open the trap and eats the bait.

The Wolverine is similar in character to the petty thief who sets fire to a house after he has robbed it, seemingly for the pleasure he derives from adding to his victim's discomfort. The Wolverine, after confiscating and consuming the bait, clamps the metal mechanism between strong teeth and destroys it whenever possible. All through the night this animal gangster prowls

and plunders. He never seems too tired to destroy just one more trap. However, when dawn approaches, the Wolverine seeks a hideout.

The Wolverine deserves his name of glutton. He gorges himself on stolen food seemingly for the pure joy of eating something which does not belong to him.

Trappers, both white and red men, are well acquainted with tales of the Wolverine's "evil spirit," and its insatiable bloodthirstiness. The Wolverine is a native of Canada and the Northern United States. It is seldom seen by human beings. Tales of its ferocity and devilish cunning are largely hearsay.

A trapper with whom I spent one winter told me that on one trapline alone, he was kept busy replacing bait that a Wolverine managed to purloin even though the trap was watched for several hours nightly. In discussing the animal's bad habits he said, "They aren't satisfied with stealing bait; they steal your furniture, too, if you happen to leave your camp unoccupied at night."

When I asked him to explain further, he said the Wolverine would steal anything he could carry away: pots, pans, clothing, shoes, blankets, rugs, buckets, books, garden tools, even small pieces of furniture. He told me he actually knew of one case where a Wolverine had carted off an entire roomful of camp furniture, piece by piece.



THE Wolverine's strength is amazing, amazing because there is so much of it in so small a body. When hungry especially, he will tackle anything. He is willing to take on all comers, large or small. He never backs up, but always moves forward unless mortally wounded. There are actual cases on record where this animal openly attacked a much larger and a supposedly stronger animal, and killed it.

Of course, there is a reason for this superiority. Nature has equipped the Wolverine with adequate means of defensive and offensive action. *American Wild Life* says: "Sharp teeth, large curved claws, and a powerful body, three and a half feet long, make the Wolverine a potent engine of destruction . . . When

an opportunity presents itself, it has been known to bring down deer and caribou."

He is an exceptionally strong swimmer, a far better than average runner, and he can climb small trees. The Wolverine likes a varied diet: mice, birds, beavers, ground squirrels, rabbits, and fish. However, if he is hungry and cannot do better, he will not turn up his nose at leftovers, or carrion.

Most of the Wolverine's days are spent in hiding, a true gangster habit. He locates a deserted or temporarily unoccupied hole, burrow, or cave, usually the home of some other animal, and curls up for an all-day snooze. In March, the Wolverine's hideout becomes a love-nest. About three or four months later, he becomes the father of from two to five little potential gangsters.

The Wolverine is a highly prized trophy because of its warm fur. Long before the white men came, the Indians discovered the value of Wolverine pelts. Long-haired, the skins are excellent wind-breakers. Sub-zero temperatures will not cause the pelts to frost. When stitched together, they make one of the warmest of automobile robes, and they can be made into beautiful as well as practical hearthrugs.

No doubt many a trapper who sometimes had been bedeviled by living Wolverenes, is pleased to have a dead one, in the form of a rug, under his feet.



There Was a MAN Sent from GOD

By J. M. STICKLEY

IN A WORLD divided by conflicting ideologies, daily emphasized by a press that stresses the line of demarcation between East and West, it is refreshing and almost unparalleled to find the political thunder being stolen by a religious crusader.

Billy Graham fell foul of a certain section of political opinion immediately on his arrival in England. It was said that he observed, anent the decline of Great Britain from the position of leading world power, that Socialism had completed what the war had failed to achieve. Mr. Graham has denied that he said anything of the sort. Since the war, however, signs have been fast multiplying of a sad departure from spiritual and moral values and a corresponding insistence upon material and social values. The Welfare State, the "something for nothing" at other

people's expense, the "couldn't care less" attitude, and the declining spirit of sturdy independence have eaten into the very vitals of this nation and sapped its moral and spiritual fibre. Billy Graham is a warning light to England of the danger in which she stands and he is God's special messenger to recall backsliding Britain from the error of her ways.

Sir Winston Churchill on the eve of the Hitler war remarked that "the lamps all over Europe are going out." Many have since been extinguished and the rest are only giving a fitful gleam. It has been left to a man of God's appointment to relight some of them. It is a sad commentary, however, that this once proud country, so rich in spiritual heritage and now almost bankrupt of moral and spiritual values, should have to look to someone from the New World to come and light the torch of Evangelism in the Old World.

Billy Graham has been described

J. M. Stickley, author of *There Was a Man Sent from God*, is secretary of The Gospel Society in Great Britain and a prominent Protestant layman.

as the most potent Evangelist in American history. This estimate of him is not far short of being true in English history. His visit had a tremendous effect upon public opinion in this country. All sections of Evangelical Christians rallied to his support, and press opinion which, on his arrival, was inclined to be somewhat skeptical, soon became warm and commendatory. That which was anticipated, a rather irreverent campaign with a good deal of shouting and excitement, and typical American showmanship, did not materialize. The wonderfully calm, dignified, reverent conduct of each meeting greatly impressed those who went to the meetings, and the results achieved were even beyond the expectations of Billy Graham himself.

While the coming of Mr. Graham to England was not unheralded, it was, nevertheless, without the usual trappings associated with causes and delegations from the New World to the Old. In spite of this almost unheard-of, un-American way of doing things, the Billy Graham Crusade "caught on," captured public imagination and, what's more, captured a multitude of human hearts.

In a country that since the end of the war had decided that it had no use for God and, indeed, did not believe in Him, Billy Graham made the people of England God-conscious. The claims of God were presented in a way and on a scale never before experienced here or else-

where for that matter.

The final meeting of Billy Graham's campaign was held on Saturday, May 22, in Wembley Stadium. This is a noted sports arena with a seating capacity of over 110,000. The writer was present at this meeting. The day was overcast and during the meeting rain fell, but it did not deter the crowds. America, home of the big occasion, was entirely and utterly eclipsed. Billy Graham once addressed 75,000 people in Dallas, Texas. At Wembley there were over 120,000 people, the greatest number in all religious history, and at the amazing end, more than 10,000 people decided "for Christ."

BILLY GRAHAM is an inspiring leader in the fight against Communism. The Red menace owes its success to the moral and spiritual deterioration of nations and peoples. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," makes it strong and secure, while the drift away from moral and spiritual values weakens it and finally destroys it.

In Billy Graham we see a man who has consecrated the whole of the human personality to the will of God and in his life we witness a dynamic, dominant, vital expression of true Christianity in action, and Billy Graham and all he stands for is the answer to militant, atheistic Communism.

There was a man sent from God . . . America's finest export to Britain for years.



Let's Put

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

In Her Place

BY ELEANOR DUNNE

"COME ON — let's go. This modern art leaves me cold. I just *can't* understand it. Why do they use all those crazy lines and blobs of color? Look at this one over here. Why a child could do as well!"

"I agree. Give me a picture with real things in it. And people you can recognize as *people*. Like — well, *Whistler's Mother* for example."

This criticism by a couple visiting the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, in 1954, could just as easily have been overheard in the galleries of London back in 1871. Only then it would have been Whistler's "newest" art being put under public criticism. The now famous painter was even accused of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." So severe was the criticism from John Ruskin, the greatest art critic of that day, that in 1877, Whistler felt justified in suing him for libel. But the court, as well as the general public, sided with Rus-

kin. Whistler was awarded a half-penny for damages but the court costs which he had to pay forced him into bankruptcy.

His *Arrangement in Black and Grey*, more familiarly called *Whistler's Mother*, was rejected for exhibition at the Royal Academy and remained unsold for twenty years. During those years it was brought to America but here, too, in his native land, it was denounced as "too dull" and "too modern." It seemed flat and oversimplified to its viewers. Finally the French government bought it for eight hundred dollars and it was hung in the Luxembourg.

Though finally accepted and conceded to be an interesting example of the new or modern art form, Whistler's picture had something which much of today's modern art lacks. A recognizable object. A woman seated in a chair with her feet resting on a footstool.

The woman is in the picture

mainly because the painter needed her there to carry out his then considered "crazy" idea of painting. Records reveal that she first posed in a standing position. After three days she became so fatigued she had to confess her weariness to the artist. Much ashamed of his absorption in his work to the extent of neglecting the comfort of his model, he immediately brought her a chair. Gratefully she sank into it and folded her hands with relief. He painted her in this quiet, relaxed pose. That is how Whistler's mother became a part of his *Arrangement in Black and Grey*.

Thus it seems Whistler did not deliberately set out just to paint a portrait of his mother. Rather, as he himself explained, he wanted to prove his idea that "a picture need not tell a story to be a picture." It could be a symbol or "arrangement." His theory was that "painting is the poetry of sight just as music is the poetry of sound." To show this he began to make his paintings into "arrangements" or "harmonies."

BUT, against his avowed intentions, he made a "new" art style into an appealing picture, so appealing that it has become about the best loved picture among Amer-

icans. It has been reproduced through the years on stamps, on gift packages, most especially on candy box covers for Mother's Day. It seems to symbolize all that the word *Mother* implies.

When *An Arrangement in Black and Grey* was brought again to America in 1932 and hung in the Museum of Modern Art, it was insured for \$500,000. Whistler's "crazy" painting had become an accepted American Modern.

And on the very day the museum visitors made their criticism of modern art, Whistler's famed, though once denounced, picture was hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, part of an exhibit of the work of three early American artists. *Whistler's Mother* had many admiring visitors during her stay. (Lent by the Musée du Louvre, Paris, 1954.)

So the question arises, where does this picture belong? The appeal of *Whistler's Mother* is universal; she seems at home in all museums. Yet the picture has been labeled with that controversial phrase: modern art. Does it not seem that *Whistler's Mother* deserves a special title of her own? Then let's put her in her place, among those cherished things we have long labeled Americana.

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The masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter — perfect in its bud as in its bloom — with no reason to explain its presence — no mission to fulfil — a joy to the artist, a delusion to the philanthropist — a puzzle to the botanist — an accident of sentiment and alliteration to the literary man.

— James McNeill Whistler

"Horse-Drunk"
AUSTRALIA

By C. R. BRADISH

THE FIRST Tuesday in November has a singular eminence in the minds of the Australian populace. In the afternoon of that day the Melbourne Cup — Australia's richest racetrack handicap — is run, and whatever the high moment of the news elsewhere, its value is invisible beside the compelling question: "What horse will win the Cup?"

That query on that Tuesday holds the public mind in all ranks of Australian society. It hums across the wires and the telephones from Cape York in the north of Queensland to Albany, the remote settlement on the southwestern corner of the giant state of Western Australia. It will cause Cabinet meetings to

adjourn, with the Ministers of the Crown in a state of expensive surmise about the race; and in any of the capitals outside Melbourne, say, for instance, in Sydney, 500 miles away from the event, the foreigner will behold a strange air of thralldom on that Tuesday afternoon.

As the clock works round to the time of the race, 3:30 P.M., you will observe, clustering around the many radios in the shop doorways in Sydney, tense groups of men and women listening in to the hullabaloo of descriptive matter from the racetrack and, in the three or four minutes of actual racing, exhibiting a rigidity and silence more singular and penetrating than the annual "two

minutes' " pause for the military dead.

That is a fair picture of a race witnessed by a regular audience of 100,000 or more, but small beside the haunted multitude of gamblers outside. It represents the climax of the gambling passion in Australia where, according to the exclusive *Turf Register*, there are over 3,000 racetrack meetings annually providing a population of 9,000,000 with an average of over eight meetings per day. True enough, a good third of those meetings are small, but if the horses and the race prizes are not impressive, the opportunities for betting justify every occasion.

THE RACE DAYS are so frequent or so handy that either of the two large capitals of Australia, Sydney or Melbourne, each with a population of well over 1,000,000, can promise the "punter," *i.e.*, chronic race gambler, the chance of indulging his whims every day in the week, barring Sunday. If he cannot visit the actual racetrack he has only to take the telephone and murmur his bets to one of the many "starting-price bookmakers," the illegal rajahs of the "odds," who flourish and grow fat on the frailties of their fellow Australians.

Except for a few smaller men who operate directly in the shadow of some unobtrusive laneway, most S. P. bookmakers occupy some secluded house or office; and on the busiest day of the week, Saturday

afternoon, may have as many as six telephones humming with orders from known customers. For this work the S. P. merchant needs a staff whom he can afford to pay handsomely and it is not uncommon for him to book an accumulation of average-sized bets amounting to anything between \$5,000 and \$10,000 for the Saturday afternoon.

This fellow, who gets his name from the fact that he only pays out to the successful punter the odds prevailing on the track at the actual time of the race, dips heavily into the pockets of humble men. Grandpapa, who is too poor or too feeble to go out to the racecourse to back his favorite, has only to reach for the telephone, convey his modest wishes to some S. P. prince to whom he is known, and then sit back to hear the race bawled out by some descriptive hack on the radio.

Two mysteries beset the strange observer of the Australian Saturday afternoon. One question that he can never answer except in terms of scandalous conjecture is why the S. P. fellows, whose affluence is reported to afford excellent relations with the police, can so readily secure as many telephones as they need when there is a "waiting list" for genuine telephone users amounting throughout the continent to 30,000 or 40,000.

The other query concerns the monopoly of all the metropolitan radios by the race meetings on Saturday. This means that the weary

seeker of some more reasonable subject is given a continuous racetrack monologue providing the highlights, the odds and other tasty features for the "fan," not only in his own city and in one or two other towns in his own state, but also in two additional capital cities as well. Such generosity in radio racetrack reporting is unequalled anywhere else on the globe and reveals, as well as any of the statistics available, the high status of the horse in the average Australian mind.

Just how much is spent in racetrack gambling can only be guessed at. Since there are over 3,000 full afternoon meetings per year and since more than half of those are of sufficient glamour and promise to stir the punter's hopes, the annual disbursement in bets must run into untold millions.

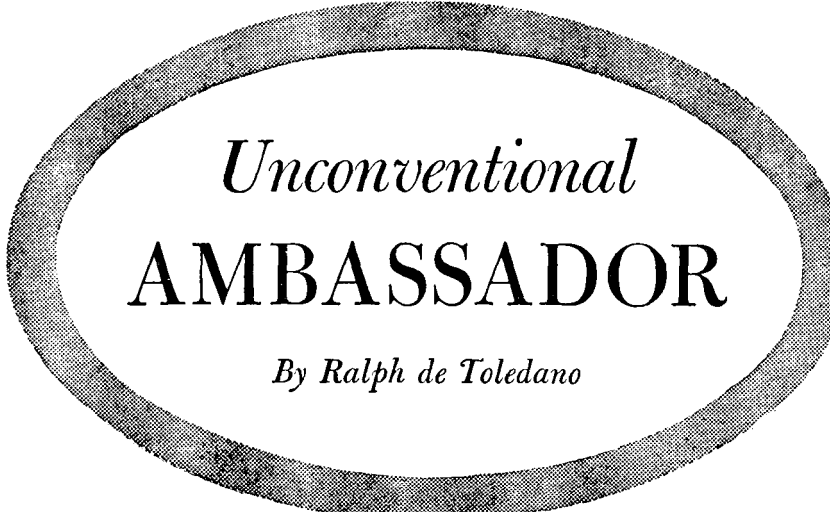


The state of the popular mind on the subject is revealed in the fact that the newspapers all accept the thesis that elaborate racetrack covering is the true stimulus to circulation. The *Sydney Sunday Telegraph* may devote ten pages of its sporting supplement of 20 pages entirely to the racetrack, reporting in detail the triumphs and failures throughout the continent on the previous day.

The newssheets naturally do not enjoy reporting the over-frequent, smelly aspects of the track; that is, the "doping" of horses and the curious behavior of jockeys, often calling for loud and offensive criticism by sad punters. It is more profitable to indicate the glory of a chosen animal or dwell with incredible pathos on the woe of an ill or injured jockey, with more day-to-day illustrations of his bedside smile than an ailing Prime Minister would ever receive. When a well-known jockey died a few months ago, all the daily sheets in his capital and beyond celebrated the event in large half-tone records of the huge mass of poignantly affected fans, 40,000 of whom attended the funeral!

IN FINALE let one record that in the Melbourne National Gallery and Museum, an edifice devoted to the exhibition of costly specimens of the fine arts, there is on display, beautifully stuffed and placarded, the corpse of a champion racehorse, Phar Lap, with a full record of his deeds and stake winnings. The glistening body is shown adjacent to salons in which hang costly original works by Rembrandt, El Greco, Jan van Eyck, Van Dyck and other Old Masters.

"Horse-drunk" Australia is full of odd contrasts, but surely it reaches the apex of its achievement in incongruity in showing Phar Lap and Rembrandt almost nudging each other in its premier museum.



Unconventional AMBASSADOR

By Ralph de Toledano

EVERYBODY likes Jack Peurifoy. Everybody, that is, but the Communists. They can never forget how thoroughly he did them in the eye when he was Ambassador to Greece. They are not likely to forgive the “coincidence” that Peurifoy was on hand when they got the boot in Guatemala.

The gallery of Peurifoy’s admirers runs a gamut from former Secretary of State Dean Acheson to Senator Joe McCarthy. Acheson likes him because whatever passes for blood in his icy veins responds to a good administrator. McCarthy likes him because he shares the view of most legislators on Capitol Hill. This view was summed up by Representative John Taber, the witty and splenetic chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. “I don’t

like any of those bastards from the State Department,” Taber once said. “They lie and they hedge and they don’t know what they’re talking about. All of them, that is, except Jack Peurifoy.”

John Emil Peurifoy does know what he’s talking about — even when his official position causes him to express himself strangely. He was born to an arguing Southern family — in Walterboro, South Carolina — and weaned on the *Congressional Record*. In a legal household, he learned the value of quick thinking and clarity of mind. As a State Department official, a Foreign Service officer, and the American representative to Communist-troubled nations, he has utilized both. His own experience has taught him that the direct approach is often much

better than the circumlocutions of traditional diplomatic discourse.

To arrive at this experience, Jack Peurifoy traveled no royal road. Outrageous fortune kept him on a seesaw for many years. He was just about halfway through West Point when his father died, and young Jack had to quit and go to work. There were no plushy jobs open to him—he had to take what he could get. He put into cold storage his ambition to become President of the United States and started out on a clerk's tour of the nation. Tutor and bank clerk in Kansas City, insurance salesman and night cashier in New York—these were the kinds of jobs he held.

But New Deal Washington was the lure in those depression days. It became the only boom town in the U.S. Franklin D. Roosevelt, however, wasn't waiting at Union Station to offer Jack Peurifoy the keys of the city. He settled for a \$90-a-month job running an elevator in the Senate Office Building. This was his introduction to Federal service.

BUT he wasn't discouraged. Within months, he had gotten himself a post with the Treasury Department. It paid only \$1,620, but in the early years of prosperity, that was not so bad. The job wasn't much either, but it had to do until the real thing came along. On the strength of this advancement, he married Betty Cox, an Oklahoma

girl who also worked in the Treasury. They set up modest housekeeping and waited for the big break to move them into a big Georgetown house. Instead of the big break, however, Jack got a pink slip from the government, just before the Christmas of 1937.

It wasn't that Jack Peurifoy had fallen down on the job, merely that the government—violating all rules—had abolished his department entirely. Jack worked the Christmas rush in a Washington department store as a floorwalker, perhaps the only job he ever held which was cut to the traditional pattern of diplomacy, and then grabbed the first thing that came along. In the Capital's Botanical Garden, he did manual labor—shoveling snow, washing out flower pots, shoveling snow, and mixing manure. This lasted for only a brief period until the Treasury Department eventually welcomed him back, and by late 1938, he stepped into the State Department. Today, Peurifoy says that he moved into the Department because something about diplomacy had always attracted him. The chances are, however, that if you had asked him then why he was changing, he would have said, "It's a better job."

It was a lucky decision. The systematic infiltration of the Treasury by the Communists—an infiltration which by far exceeded the State Department's—was well on its way. In that atmosphere, dominated by Harry Dexter White and

his tightly-knit policy espionage cell, Peurifoy would have been elbowed off the road to advancement. The State Department had its hazards, but the elbowing was more subtle and the Communists there, from Alger Hiss down, were less dominant — personnel-wise.

ADVANCEMENT in the State Department is slow and arduous, even when such hazards are eliminated. But Jack Peurifoy took it like the 100-yard dash. In seven years, he covered a lifetime's ground and rose to the top of the Civil Service pile and the highest pay classification: \$10,300 a year. He cut no corners in running this course; he just moved fast. But he made no effort to advance by getting shoe polish on his tongue. He ignored the usual rules, appeared at the office out of uniform (slacks, lumberjacket, and old shoes were good enough when he put in a weekend of work in the gingerbread edifice which then housed State), was frank and direct, and never affected the prim manner which sooner or later takes hold of the State Department official. If there was ever a choice between a cocktail party and a baseball game, Peurifoy ended up in the bleachers eating a hot dog.

In 1945, when the State Department began preparing for the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, Alger Hiss was made secretary-general — and Jack Peurifoy got the short end of the bargain — house-

keeper of the meeting. On his shoulders fell the task of finding 5,600 hotel rooms for delegates and staffs in a war-crammed city. He also had to set up worldwide communications for diplomats and the press and create a translation service. If a delegate was unhappy, it was up to Peurifoy to find him joy; if the Russians were irritated, Peurifoy mollified them. He did this hydra-headed job so well that he came to the attention of Dean Acheson, then Under Secretary of State. The two men became friends — and Peurifoy has never turned his back on Acheson. Neither has he let that friendship interfere with his sense of duty.

In 1947, John Emil Peurifoy was appointed Assistant Secretary for Administration by Secretary George Catlett Marshall. (He was later promoted to Under Secretary for Administration — the same job with a fancier title and higher pay.) Handling personnel and security, he was hardly in a spot to be loved by the assorted crew which had been jammed into the State Department when it absorbed O.S.S. and O.W.I. And the Foreign Service boys weren't happy either. They looked down their noses at a man who had once run an elevator and shoveled manure. They also violently resented Peurifoy's efforts to "desnob" the department. He did his job, attempting to bring order out of the chaos of State Department organization, coping with the feeble security regulations behind which

men of doubtful loyalty hid, and — most important from the bureaucratic standpoint — winning friends and influencing Congressmen. That he was genuinely liked and admired on Capitol Hill is a matter of record; how he achieved this bit of black magic has never been adequately explained.

"It's just that he's a nice guy," says one Senator. "He doesn't put on any side," a Congressman declares. "He didn't mind putting down a few; he liked a bull session as well as the next man; he never acted as if Congressmen were created by God after he ran out of human flesh," says another.

THEN, in the summer of 1948, the Hiss case broke with a loud bang. The worst suspicions of Communist infiltration into the State Department were dwarfed by the facts as they were unveiled in that historic proceeding. When the House Un-American Activities Committee processed the rolls of microfilm which Whittaker Chambers had saved over the years, Jack Peurifoy was called in to evaluate the importance of the classified documents they represented. Until then, Assistant Secretary Peurifoy was hardly a public figure. His testimony projected him into the headlines for the first time.

Unlike some of his colleagues, who pretended that the documents had been taken in good clean fun and represented no more threat to

American security than a batch of Grandma's recipes, Peurifoy laid it on the line. The colloquy went like this:

Q. In your opinion, would you say that the very existence of these rolls of microfilm is evidence of an espionage plot against our government?

A. I would.

Q. Do you believe that they could have been taken only by a person . . . desiring to harm our government?

A. I believe this. Under our security regulations no official of the Department could ever remove such documents — not even to take them home at night to work with them.

And then Peurifoy added: "I would like to say this — and this is purely gratuitous comment on my part — but what I regard as most serious about this whole thing . . . is that the documents were taken out of the State Department . . . and to me that means that our codes were being read by foreign nations during that whole period."

This straight-from-the-shoulder testimony destroyed the prepared ground to which many Hissite partisans retired when it could no longer be denied that Hiss had passed the documents.

During the Senate investigation of Senator McCarthy's charges of Communism in the State Department, Jack Peurifoy was chosen to run interference for Secretary of

State Acheson. Despite this onerous task, Peurifoy did not lose the friendship or respect of most anti-Communists. The Tydings hearings ended in a whitewash for the State Department—a victory for the Administration Peurifoy served—and shortly thereafter, he took himself out of Civil Service and joined the Foreign Service—at the top.

AMBASSADOR to Greece was his first assignment—and he stepped into a ticklish situation which might have been disastrous to that nation and this. The Communist invasion had been defeated, but it was touch and go for the legitimate government.

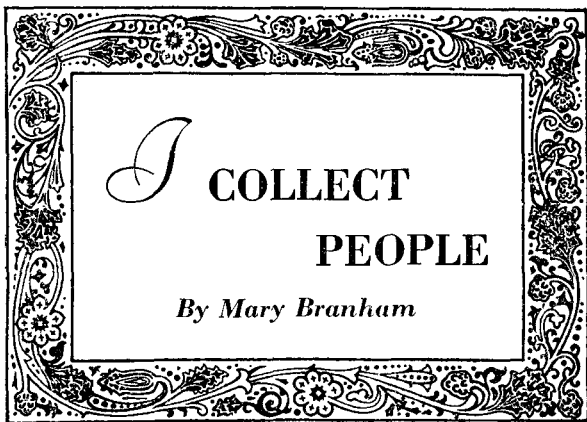
But Peurifoy acquitted himself excellently, breaking down the barriers of protocol and establishing himself on a firm footing with both the Greek government and the Greek people. Presenting his credentials to Prime Minister Sophocles Venizelos, he said:

"I think we will get along better if we talk man-to-man. If I have anything to say to you, I will tell you myself. If any third party says I have told him something I have not told you about the position of my government, you can ignore it. By the way, my name is Jack." By the time he left Greece, half of Athens was calling him Jack. This was in July, 1953, after he had helped the Greeks stabilize their government and had done a notable job in administering ECA funds.

His next assignment was Guatemala, already thoroughly dominated by the Communists. And Peurifoy's ambassadorship was no cinch. The Red-controlled press openly insulted him, one newspaper threatened his life, and President Jacobo Arbenz blatantly shunned him. After his first meeting with Arbenz, Peurifoy remarked to an intimate: "If he isn't a Communist, he'll do until a better one comes along." As the situation in that small Central American country worsened, Peurifoy sat tight and cultivated those who might be of service in the future.

When the revolt of Colonel Castillo Armas broke out, Peurifoy strapped a shoulder holster under his arm and made himself available to anti-Arbenz elements in Guatemala. When the military leaders of the country came to see him, he had good advice for them. An anti-Communist government was set up, as the Ambassador looked on approvingly.

But though Peurifoy's quiet activities paid off, destroying the major Soviet beachhead in the western hemisphere, the career boys in the State Department were upset. They didn't think that the shoulder holster he wore during the days of fighting was quite seemly. John Emil Peurifoy had gone sleepless for days, in the critical period of the revolution, but he didn't allow the criticism of the "cookie pushers" to annoy him. He had gotten results, and in his book, that's what counts.



BY THE TIME I reached my fourth year in college, I couldn't afford to ride a plane or a train; so I bought a bus ticket home for Christmas. This involved a twenty-two-hour ride and I was dreading the trip. To my pleasant surprise I found that I had bought a round-trip ticket to adventure. Since then I have been riding buses whenever and wherever I can, and having fun at my hobby each trip.

This hobby of mine — collecting people who ride buses — is much more interesting than collecting hotel soap or book matches. (I know, for I have tried all three.) The procedure for this hobby is quite simple, and with a little practice anyone can become expert at spotting a person with a story.

You wait to board the bus until almost departure time. In this way you have more possibilities from which to choose. Then, standing at

the front of the bus, quickly and keenly survey the crowd. Having decided on a likely seat partner, and having put your coat and hat on the rack overhead, adjust your seat and try to strike up a conversation. This is usually fairly easy because most people who ride buses are friendly and democratic; and most people, whether they ride buses or not, like to talk about themselves.

"Isn't this a nice morning?" This will serve for an opening wedge if you can't think of anything more inspired.

Next you ask your seat partner, "Where are you going?" or perhaps, "Have you been riding long?" Either of these leading questions will start most bus riders on a conversational binge.

One morning as I was leaving Holbrook, Arizona, there were four passengers on the bus — an old Mexican woman, as solid as a geometrical

figure; a pleasantly plump middle-aged woman who looked for all the world like Ma Perkins; a squat, dark, massive Indian wearing braids and a red shirt so shrill it hurt the eye; and yours truly. Speaking neither Mexican nor Indian I decided to take a chance on Ma Perkins. I seated myself beside her and commented pleasantly that it was a nice morning. She replied in the affirmative and we were off.

Soon I learned that she was on her way to Whiteface, Texas, to visit her daughter. She then told me that she had been taking her vacation at the same time each year for twenty-three years. To keep the chatter moving, I asked what work she did and she answered, "I line coffins." We discussed this until we had lined coffins with everything from black moire to pale grey velour.

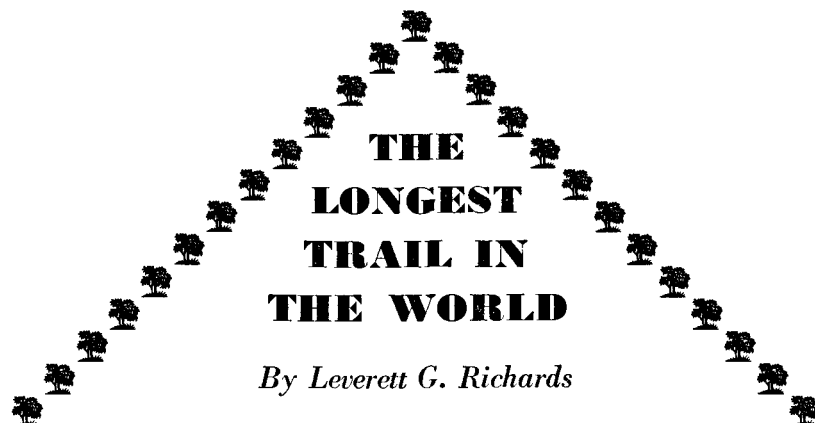
I SHALL record for you, without comment, the strangest conversation I ever overheard on a bus. It occurred on a bus going from Albuquerque to Roswell, New Mexico. We stopped for an instant at Estancia and a rotund housewife boarded the bus. She sat down in the seat just behind me, and as I was, unfortunately, sitting alone, I began to eavesdrop when she struck up a conversation with the woman across the aisle from her. I soon heard the woman who had just got on ask the other where she was from and her companion replied, "Oregon." The

next question was by the lady from Oregon, who asked, "Where are you going?" "Roswell" was the reply. "Do you know Paul Carter in Roswell?" "No, I don't" — a long pause followed by, "Why, yes, I do, he's my nephew." "He can't be, he's *my* nephew." — Another long pause. — "You must be Lida." — "Well, you must be Irene."

The two women embraced one another and then Irene said, "You ain't as purty as you used to be." Lida laughed gleefully and retorted, "I guess not. It's been seventeen years since you've seen me." The ladies chatted enthusiastically during the rest of the trip and I spent the time contemplating the situation.

In the eight years that collecting bus riders has been my hobby, I have collected 103 interesting people. My only regret is that it is impossible to talk to all the people on a bus. Outstanding in my collection are: an ice hockey player from Toronto; a newspaper woman from Tacoma; a cowboy from Sundown, Texas; a deepsea diver from Trenton; a ski bum from Italy; a woman who worked in a marble factory (I had always wondered how marbles are made, and as we rode nearly 200 miles together, I am now quite an authority); and a yodeling housewife from Quincy, Illinois.

If you are interested in a fascinating hobby just remember the next time you take a bus trip that you bought a ticket to adventure.



THE LONGEST TRAIL IN THE WORLD

By Leverett G. Richards

THE mountain goats of the high Cascades are feeling mighty low. Since time began, they have owned the picturesque peaks of the Goat Rocks Range, which rise up 8,300 feet, halfway between 14,408-foot Mt. Rainier and 12,307-foot Mt. Adams in the State of Washington.

A few hardy men have set foot there. But they came not in comfort, nor even in safety. Indians, traders, engineers and forest rangers have tried throughout history to find a safe horse trail through these glacier-studded peaks that lie like a great double-cross across the crest of the Cascades. It was impossible.

But the nature-loving rangers of the Gifford Pinchot National Forest are going it just the same — blasting the most spectacular stretch of trail in the United States through this land of the eagle and the home of the mountain goat.



It will be one of the most expensive stretches of trail in the country. But it will be worth it — not only for the museum of natural splendor it will unlock, but for the hazards it will eliminate and the gap it will fill. For this has been the missing link in the longest trail in the world ever since it was conceived twenty years ago — the Pacific Crest Trail, which follows the roof of the ranges for 2,153 miles from Mexico to Canada.

This is the longest continuous, officially-recognized, mapped and signed trail of its kind in the world — longer than the caravan trails of Tibet and the Sahara, longer than the sled trails of the Arctic, longer than the Appalachian Trail from Maine to Mexico, and incomparably more spectacular.

The Pacific Crest Trail is a wilderness trail, threading the wildest areas remaining in the

United States, the last remnants of the last frontier. Here a man can live the life of Kit Carson or Daniel Boone again, bury himself in the back of beyond and steep his soul in solitude far from man and his maddening machines.

This is the last refuge of the nature lover. Here nature's heritage of woodland solitude, mighty peak and lonely tarn is preserved forever as it was in the beginning. All but 250 of the 2,153 miles lie inside national forests or parks, protected from commercialization. All but about 75 miles is true wilderness.

It skirts thousands of peaks, of which 109 are distinctive, 47 are glacier-studded and 24 are on the list of famous mountains. However, it does not follow the actual Divide, except in gentler terrain.

BUT this missing link, now nearing completion, treads the very tops of the Cascades. Mountain goats stared in astonishment when Frank Ritter, supervisor of trails and recreation for the Gifford Pinchot Forest, and Fritz Morrison, district ranger, first scrambled up the knife-edge of the ridge to the peak of Old Snowey Mountain and down the other side, hanging by their finger tips from the volcanic rock as they inched around huge pinnacles that blocked their path.

They shook their shaggy heads and ambled off across the glacier when men with hammers, crowbars and TNT began to smash and bat-

ter a trail up that razor edge of the Cascades. It took tons of TNT and dynamite, hours and hours of elbow grease and not a little ingenuity and imagination to poke and pry and scheme a way for a trail along this cock's crest of the Cascades. It meant blasting to bits pinnacles as big as houses that blocked the way.

It meant "bulldozing" the rock down with TNT and smashing it with hammers to build a trail wide enough for a horse. When completed it will be a Class A trail, as good as skilled men can build, safe for mountain horses and mountain men. But for three miles you can sit your horse and toss pebbles 1,000 to 2,000 feet down the glaciers and snow fields, on each side of the range.

Anywhere you look, breath-taking beauty awaits you. For this is one of the natural show windows of nature. Looking along sheer cliffs where mountain goats graze nonchalantly, you see any of the five snow sisters of the Cascades looming so close you could hit them with a rock, you think — mighty Mt. Rainier, queen of the range; Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens; Mt. Baker and Mt. Jefferson. At your elbow, looming large by their proximity, Tieton Peak and The Goat Rock itself will take your breath — and your color film — away.

Maintenance and improvement work is conducted every summer along the length of this wilderness trail, but the Goat Rocks job was

the last of a series of major relocations of the trail.

The Cascade Crest Trail — as the Washington section is called — was the last to be completed. When the Pacific Crest Trail was first opened to the public in 1937 it ended at Mt. Rainier. No connected trail had been constructed or even surveyed through the remote, ice-crowned mountains that rose in jumbled ranks from there to the Canadian border. Now there is a usable trail, well-signed and negotiable by experienced hikers or horsemen the length of the United States, from Mexico to Canada.

THE TRAIL has come a long way since that day in 1932 when Clinton C. Clarke, the dreamer of Pasadena, first advocated a union of nature lovers in Forest and Park Services, trail clubs, the Boy Scouts and other organizations to build such a trail through the last of the wilderness.

The project sounded ambitious, if not impossible, at the time. But the Forest Service and the Park Service adopted the proposal and put Clarke in charge of the general plan, the work to be done by the Services. A preliminary survey showed, however, that two organized trails were already being built; the Oregon Skyline Trail, 240 miles along the Oregon Divide; and the John Muir Trail, 185 miles in the high Sierra Nevada range. Only about 500 miles of new trail had to be built, and only 250 of the original 2,265 miles would

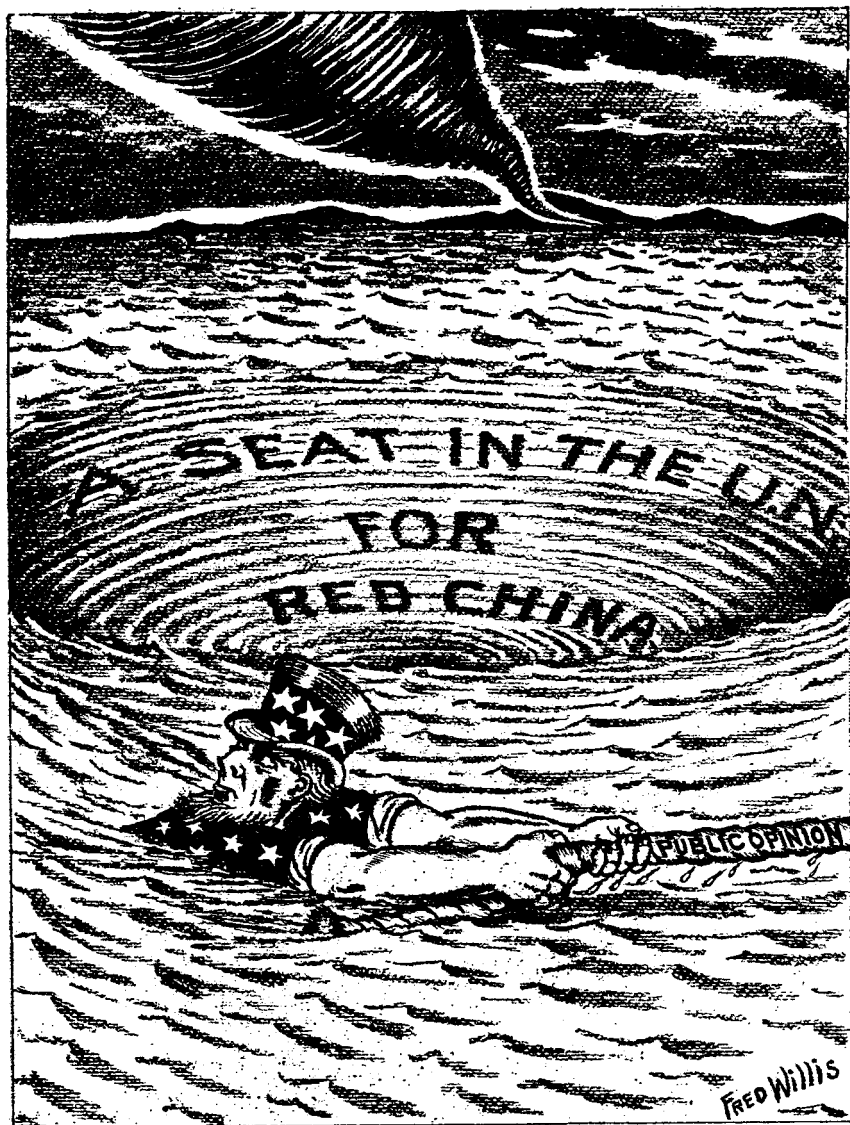
be outside national forests and national parks.

Five years later the dream had been translated into a passable, continuous pathway from Canada to Mexico, 2,265 miles long, passing through twenty-two national forests and six national parks. It still utilized many detours through the lowlands, however, and missed many outstanding scenic areas. The Cascade Crest section was still mainly a plan rather than a pathway.

Each year the Forest and Park Service continued to reroute and improve sections of the trail until now it is pretty much in final form, following the Divide, except to skirt the major peaks, which can be climbed on side trips.

The Trail climbs 57 major passes, skirting 24 famous mountains, thousands of lakes where trout bite at the drop of a hook, past 19 famous gorges or canyons and 26 major streams noted for their falls and their fishing. Mileage has been cut down to 2,153 by rerouting, but many side trails have been added leading to lakes, streams and mountains of special scenic interest. This is still longer than the 2,000 miles of the Appalachian Trail, which is the next longest on record.

Travel over this back-to-nature trail has increased year by year as man seeks refuge, humbly and on foot or horseback, from the frightening pace of this jet age. And the mountain goats stand by watching — helplessly.



"Don't Get Sucked Into It, Sam!"



KNOWLAND

and

JOHNSON



in

'56?

THE NATION'S CAPITAL, where politics is either the vocation or avocation of some 90 per cent of the populace, is already making its winter book on the 1956 "Presidential sweepstakes." And, as the political soothsayers scan the lists of the probable and the possible entries, more than passing attention is being given to a pair of long shots, two relatively youthful members of the U.S. Senate, Knowland of California and Johnson of Texas.

Evaluating the chances of Knowland and Johnson capturing the nominations of their respective parties makes an interesting study of contrasts and of similarities. There are men in the Senate of more differing personalities, and more differing views. But seldom in our political history have two men of such contrasting tempera-

ment and philosophy had so much in common.

William Fife Knowland is the youngest man ever to be the Majority Leader of the Senate. Lyndon B. Johnson is

the youngest man ever to be the Minority Leader. Both must face, daily, the complex problem of holding together their unruly parties, each of which is split by deep philosophical cleavages. Both are men of strong party loyalty. Both, however, have strong personal convictions. And both are men of recognized integrity.

As is invariably the case of politicians of integrity (and there are far more than you would think), both Knowland and Johnson from time to time find their party loyalty in conflict with their personal convictions. On such occasions both invariably arrive at the same

By PATRICK McMAHON

decision; they vote their convictions.

Thus Knowland, one of whose principal tasks as Majority Leader is to defend the Administration's foreign policy from opposition attacks, has himself split with the President and publicly opposed him on key foreign issues. Similarly, Johnson, on numerous occasions, has refrained from making political capital of vital foreign and domestic matters, and has used his considerable influence to throw Democratic votes in support of Administration measures in which he believed.

Both men are fully aware that their names are cropping up with increasing frequency whenever Washington discussions turn to 1956. Neither seems to be exactly unhappy about it; they are both reasonably ambitious men. However, thus far at least, neither has shown any trace of that dread infection which has blighted so many promising political careers, a disease that becomes endemic in the Capital as a Presidential year approaches; the disease known as "White-House-itis."

And this is just about as far as the similarity between the two men goes. Temperamentally and in background, they are poles apart.

BILL KNOWLAND was literally born to a political career. His father, Joseph R. Knowland, has been a power in California politics since the turn of the century, served in the state legislature, was a member of

Congress from 1904 to 1915, and Republican nominee for the U.S. Senate in 1914.

The elder Knowland is affiliated with various investment companies and is a big wheel in the Chamber of Commerce and other civic groups. He is also the president and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune* — and any political sage will tell you that it never hurts a young aspirant for public office to have an influential daily newspaper in the family.

Bill Knowland inherited another strong political asset in California. One of the peculiar characteristics of California is that, although only a relatively few inhabitants were born there, the state attaches tremendous importance to its "native sons." And Senator Knowland is not only a native son, he is the son of a native son. Both he and his father were born in Alameda.

Young Knowland was off to an early start in politics. He was president of the student body in Alameda High School, and while still in high school was chairman of the finance committee for the local Coolidge-Dawes Republican Club during the 1924 Presidential campaign. While attending the University of California he was chairman of the Hoover-Curtis Republican Club, in 1928.

In 1933, four years out of college, he ran for the state assembly, and was elected. Two years later he moved up to the state senate, where,



at the age of 27, he was its youngest member. He had also been the youngest member of the assembly.

Knowland has quite a collection of political "youngests." He was the youngest member of the Republican National Committee, at 30; the youngest chairman of the National Committee, at 32; and the youngest member of the U.S. Senate, at 37, when his good friend Governor Warren appointed him to serve the unexpired term of the late Senator Hiram Johnson, in 1945. (At the time of his appointment, Knowland was a major in the Army, serving in Europe.) And, as was previously noted, he is the youngest Majority Leader in the history of the Senate.

KNOWLAND's tactics as Floor Leader have been subject to considerable criticism in the press, from the opposition, and from members of his own party. Actually, he has done a far better job in guiding controversial legislation through a Senate that is split four ways than he has ever been given credit for. Few Majority Leaders have faced problems as complex as those plaguing Knowland.

Senator Knowland is not only the youngest Majority Leader in the Senate's history; he is also the first Majority Leader who did not command a majority. During much of his tenure, the Senate was split 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans and one Independent (Senator Morse). And while Morse usually voted with the

Republicans on procedural matters, he invariably split with them on major legislation.

Thus Knowland was forced to rely heavily on the co-operation of Johnson, not only for the necessary votes to enact major bills, but for support on routine business, such as the adoption of calendars, the length of sessions, and the timing of votes.

An extremely important factor complicating Knowland's task was the fact that a strong segment within his own party disagreed with much of the legislation submitted by the Administration. Just as the Democratic Party in Congress is split between the Southern Conservatives and the Northern Liberals, so too are the Republicans split between the Dewey "Liberals" and the traditional G.O.P. Conservatives, with the President, though leaning toward the Dewey wing, trying desperately to follow a course between the two extremes.

In trying to hold together the Republican bloc in the Senate, Knowland is further handicapped by the political naïveté of the White House.

An outstanding example of the way the Administration's political artlessness has embarrassed Knowland was the ill-conceived plan of Adams, Attorney General Brownell and other big wheels, to "get" Senator Joe McCarthy, when they thought they had caught him off base on the Schine incident.

Not only did the long-drawn-out

Army-McCarthy hearings seriously delay the Administration's legislative program during the critical period of the session, but the deliberate attempt of the executive branch to destroy the political effectiveness of a U.S. Senator aroused the resentment of even some of McCarthy's Senatorial foes.

ANOTHER serious problem with which Knowland has had to contend was that of following in the footsteps of the most highly respected member of the Senate, the late Senator Robert A. Taft, whom he succeeded as Floor Leader. Anyone attempting to fill Taft's shoes would have had to face the same unflattering comparisons that Knowland has suffered.

Yet, curiously, Bill Knowland has succeeded in holding his Senate Republicans together on controversial matters better than did Taft. And while the full score is not yet in as this article is being written, he has earned a better record in ramming through key legislation. In fact, most of the legislative fights during Knowland's tenure concerned bills that were carried over from the 1953 session of Congress.

Lacking Taft's brilliance and prestige, Knowland has adopted the one technique that is admirably fitted to his character. He simply bulls his way through, much in the manner of one of those old Minnesota fullbacks, hammering at the opposition line until it finally cracks.

Senator Knowland is regarded by Senators of both parties as a deadly serious man, endowed with a deadly tenaciousness. He simply fixes his eye on the goal and plods ahead, frequently getting his head battered along the way (as did those old Minnesota fullbacks), but also, with surprising frequency, eventually reaching his goal.

Knowland has little gift for repartee, either on the floor or in the cloakroom. He has little time for those friendly, backslapping chats with recalcitrant party members that his colleague, Lyndon Johnson, finds so effective in picking up a vote here and there. He simply comes directly to the point, says what he has to say, and there it is. And while he is learning to temporize, as an essential part of his job, he is still inclined to stand by his guns with adamant stubbornness, once he takes a position.

Lyndon Johnson, on the other hand, will rarely take an issue to the floor unless he is reasonably certain of winning or of achieving some definite advantage. On issues involving party philosophy, he will fight and take his beatings, when necessary. But even in going down to defeat, Johnson manages to compile a record that he feels will pay dividends when the two parties go to the electorate this fall.

When Lyndon Johnson does decide to do battle, he is a formidable opponent. His tactics are almost the direct opposite of those of Know-

land. Personally, he is one of the best liked men in the Senate. Before the issue gets to the floor, the affable Johnson usually discusses it with every available Senator, of both parties, and knows exactly where he stands. He is also one of the most persuasive men in the Senate in backstage conversations and probably wins more victories in the cloakroom than he does on the Senate floor.

Even when the fight reaches the floor, Johnson is pretty much the cloakroom operator. While Fullback Knowland personally leads his forces into the oratorical fray, often using his committee chairmen to run interference for his own bull-like charges, Quarterback Johnson keeps in the background, his shrewd eyes roving the enemy line in search of a weakness. Once he spots it, he sets into motion a fast-talking team of oratorical scatbacks who literally run rings around their ponderous opponents. For another disadvantage that Knowland must cope with is that the death of Taft robbed the Republicans of their only outstanding debater in the Senate.

Knowland has several men on his side of the aisle, including himself, who can expound an issue intelligently and coherently. But they talk the language of the board room, or the committee session. Johnson, on the other side of the aisle, has a host of quick-witted, able debaters, who toss terse, printable phrases directly at the press gallery. Time and

again, although Knowland eventually got the votes he needed, it was Lyndon Johnson's team — Sparkman, Humphreys, Mike Mansfield, Lister Hill, Smathers and Holland of Florida, Long of Louisiana, and a host of others — who invariably grabbed the headlines that might determine the next election.

THE PERSONALITIES of the two men contrast even more than their floor tactics. Knowland is a big man, well over six feet and built accordingly. For a Californian, he dresses conservatively. He is reserved, almost to the point of caution, in his contacts with his colleagues and the press. While it is true that he is generally respected and has few, if any, personal enemies, it is equally true that he has few, if any, intimate friends among his colleagues. He likes to sleep on a matter, if possible, before arriving at a decision.

Johnson is a man of medium build, with smoothly groomed dark hair, a mobile countenance, and an addiction for flashy neckwear. He meets people easily, forms quick and lasting friendships. Personally, he is as genuinely liked among the Republican Senators as he is on his own side of the aisle. He has an effervescent personality that at times seems to cover up a shrewd, fast-thinking mind. He is liberally endowed with what the boys in Washington call "political acumen," a quality that enables him to sense advantages and

pitfalls, a quality that Knowland's critics contend he is completely lacking.

Johnson worked his way up the political ladder by the sheer force of his personality. He was born of Texas pioneer stock on a small farm in the Texas hills, west of Austin near the town of Stonewall. He graduated from Southwest Texas State University and studied law at Georgetown University in Washington. His first contact with national politics came as secretary to former Congressman Richard Kleberg, manager of the fabulous King Ranch, while he was still a student at Georgetown. This he pyramided into the influential post of Texas State Director of the National Youth Administration, which in turn gave him the contacts and the following that enabled him to run successfully for Congress in 1937. He was re-elected to the House five consecutive terms, and in 1948, ran for the Senate and was elected. He faces re-election this year, but victory is virtually assured.

Whenever the name of Lyndon Johnson comes up in political bull sessions, it is recalled that not since the Civil War has a resident of the Deep South been elected President of the United States. And there never has been a President from the prideful, fabulous, super-colossal State of Texas.

Despite their temperamental differences, Johnson and Knowland work well in harness together in the major task of making the Senate

function. Even on matters of high policy, middle-of-the-roader Johnson frequently sees eye-to-eye with the conservative from California.

ONE of the unusual occurrences of the session was Johnson's surprise speech from the Senate floor last July, supporting in principle Knowland's declaration of a few days previous, that the United States would not tolerate the admission of Red China to the United Nations. Both men split with important elements of their respective parties in taking such a firm stand. Knowland had no advance knowledge that Johnson would join him. Yet the net effect of the two Senate Floor Leaders standing together on one of the most delicate and controversial international issues served to jar even Winston Churchill, who had hitherto been left unmoved by both President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. A few days after the Knowland-Johnson speeches, the aging British Prime Minister modified his stand and stated that no effort would be made to seat Red China "at this time."

So there they are, Knowland of California and Johnson of Texas. If you like to play the long shots, and want to get something down on the "Presidential sweepstakes" of 1956, you could do a lot worse than either one of them. Or if you really like the long odds, and care to try that 1956 "convention double," you might even take the pair of them.

Beauty's Home: By DONAL O'CAHILL

KILLARNEY

SOME time ago it was noticed that the world-famed Lakes of Killarney had reached a lower level than ever before. This received considerable publicity, of course. There were some gloomy predictions as to how long it would take until they dried up, but whoever else may have been disturbed by the forebodings, the Killarney jarvies and boatmen were quite unmoved.

To a man, they will tell you that such a calamity can never happen unless — well, unless some ill-disposed person learns the secret of the Lakes' origin and puts the knowledge to bad use.

And I've met, I fear, such a person! In the easy informality of the Killarney hotels, I became acquainted in the lounge the other day with a visiting foursome who had, with that same informality, got together a few hours earlier while doing a local tour.

They were a mixed foursome indeed, and were now comparing notes.

The young lady, born in faraway Ocean Island in the Pacific, told us her first toy was a musical jug that played "Killarney." Now, having seen the place itself, a lifelong dream was realized. Another of the party, a Hindu law student, holidaying from an English university, said there was a view of the Old Weir Bridge hanging in his Bombay home and he had decided to see it in reality.

Then an American Army officer, on leave from Germany, said his parents had honeymooned in Killarney. Naturally, he included it in his itinerary. And then there was the young Londoner who quite obviously came through a mistake.

All but he were loud in their praise of the scenery, thrilled they had come, hoping to come again. But for this young man it was "never again." He couldn't understand why there was so much talk about Killarney or why people bothered to come to the place. Why, it had nothing but "mountains and



water." He was getting out by the next train.

He irritated me — an understatement. I was well on the way to being angry with him when I thought better of it. After all, I considered, he had a viewpoint; he was quite entitled to express it. But what on earth did he want? Assuredly, he didn't want scenery at its best. He wanted what he called "life" — crowded promenades, fun fairs, colored lights, jazz. And so, understandably enough from his viewpoint, he was disgruntled and would not be at all sorry if, as he said, "the whole bally place dried up."

I FINE-COMBED my memory to see if I ever had met his like before. I had not. He was odd man out — unique. But was he? No. For suddenly I remembered reading somewhere of two engineers who, many years ago, came prospecting to Killarney. However, having failed to find whatever it was they sought, they did see those great sheets of water — and wondered why nobody had ever thought of having them drained.

What areas of land could be reclaimed! To this end they interviewed the local lord — the then Earl of Kenmare — but when his Lordship heard the details of their project he abruptly ended the discussion and had them escorted to the door.

The two engineers are long since dead, so lovers of "Beauty's Home"

have nothing to fear from them. Nor can the brash, young Londoner be of any danger; his stay was of the shortest and, of course,¹ nobody bothered to tell him the story of the Lakes' origin, which runs like this:

"Long, long ago, the district now occupied by the Lakes of Killarney was a lush countryside whose inhabitants were happy as the days were long.

"For food they had the fruit of innumerable orchards, the seasonal produce of rich land, fish from the rivers and streams, and abundant game in the forests and woods. Indeed, the people in this happy valley lacked for nothing but water for domestic purposes, their main supply being got from a well. So important was this well in the economy of the district, there was a law ordaining that all those drawing water from the spring should replace its protecting cover and, indeed, there was a tradition that some fearful calamity would befall should anyone fail to do so.

"Now the Chieftain of this Ardacy was a wise and kindly ruler who lived simply after the manner of his people; and he had but one daughter, a comely maiden who personally attended to her father's wants. So one evening, as was her custom, she was filling her pitcher at the well when a handsome young warrior came towards her and begged for a drink. Quite readily she offered him the pitcher and



when he had slaked his thirst, he told her that he had traveled far and was returning from the wars.

"So interested did the maiden become that the warrior began to recount his exploits and long before his story had ended, she was deeply in love. Whereupon she invited him to meet her father and together they went to her home but, in her new-found happiness, she had forgotten to set the cover on the well.

"That night, even as the people of the valley slept, the threatened calamity occurred. For the well had overflowed and the water, trickling at first, eventually became a seething torrent that spread and mounted with each passing hour. It was not until it had swept into the houses that the people realized that something was amiss — and then it was too late to cover the well. So higher and higher the waters rose; so rap-

idly now that even the younger folk, climbing the mountains to escape, were overwhelmed and drowned. The maiden, together with her lover, her father and all his retainers shared the common fate and very soon what had been so veritable an Arcady lay buried beneath Killarney's Lakes."

Nor was this the end. For it is said they still live in *Tir na nOg* — the Land of Everlasting Youth — beneath the waters and, what's more, jarvies and boatmen will tell you that if anyone should replace the stone even now, the place would resume its old aspect again. . . .

On second thought, perhaps I shouldn't have told this story at all. These are atomic times. That disenchanted young man may come back with a bathyscope! And as a Killarneyman, I'd never forgive myself.

BIRTH of a DINNER CLUB

SITTING amid the soft lighting of pinks, orchids and purples, and surrounded by celebrities from screen, stage, television and the work-a-day world in the Harwyn Club — New York's

newest plush spot, which since its gala opening last No-

vember has set a dazzling pace — the enchanted diner, enjoying the royal squab *en casserole grand'mere* and the sunny, cheerful Tavel Rose, wondered how such a place came into the Manhattan picture.

Hours of probing, from front office to kitchen, disclosed that two incidents, spaced eighteen years apart, were responsible.

The first was in 1927. The band was gayly playing and laughter filled the air in the Salon Royale, a fabulous New York speakeasy.

"Texas" Guinan was shouting "Hello, Sucker" to incoming guests. Nick Prunis, the boss, was preening. The dough was rolling in.

A rowdy, with an automatic in a shoulder holster, came in with his girl. He was noisy. Frank Harris tried to placate him and lead him to a table. The rowdy pushed Harris about before he settled down. Harris was already dreaming dreams, dreams of his own restaurant, which



By

HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

would not be a "speak." As he walked away from the table, he knew that when he had his place such characters would not be admitted.

The second incident was

in 1945. Springtime, and the "rush and roar" time in

New York's Penn-

sylvania Station. Passengers were lined up at the gates . . . Trains were being called from the squawk-box . . . Red caps, hoping for extra tips, guided customers down their own secret passageways to trains . . . Babies bawled and lap dogs barked and tried to disarm porters of their brooms. Edward Wynne, 28, tall, handsome, brown as a coconut, had just returned from the Florida spring baseball camps. He stood there in the train concourse, patting the breast pocket of his jacket in which nestled a contract as an International League umpire. Wynne was to report in Rochester in two weeks.

But what was he going to use for money in the next two weeks? Wynne had a wife, a child, and another child on the way. He had an inspiration. Checking his gear, he walked into the station's Savarin Restaurant and asked for a job. Asked about his experience in the

restaurant business, Wynne replied, "I once had a job as a cashier in a Child's Restaurant." He didn't get a cashier's job — but the manager's. Wynne forgot his umpire's contract and began dreaming dreams about owning a restaurant.

THERE had been a day back in 1928 when prohibition agents raided and padlocked the Salon Royale. Harris got a job as a waiter in Longchamps and a year later went to work for Sherman Billingsley in his "speak" at 132 West Fifty-eighth Street. After a raid and a padlocking, Harris went on with Billingsley to One-and-a-half East Fifty-first Street, and then, after repeal, to the present location of the Stork at No. 3 East Fifty-third Street. Waiter, captain, and manager, Harris, save for a period of eighteen months, followed the fortunes of Billingsley until last year — although always dreaming of a place of his own. His wife and his daughter, Marion, worked to help him save against the coming of "that day."

Meanwhile, Wynne was learning the restaurant business at the Savarin, which he managed for three and a half years. And then one day, walking past the Stork, "just for the hell of it" he walked in and made an application for employment. Billings-

ley interviewed and hired Wynne as one of the custodians of the front door's velvet rope. A year later he became the day manager.

Harris and Wynne used to talk behind the Stork Club wine lists. They talked about a dream club of their own.

Wynne "took a walk" from the Stork in May, 1953; Harris followed two weeks later; and plans for the Harwyn Club got under way.

The building at 112 East Fifty-second Street was leased and designer Russell Patterson took over. While in the process of building and decorating, a clique of people (now regular clientele) dropped in daily to "supervise" the operations, giving advice, opinions and just generally "rooting." Even Henry Ford II and his wife, who were passing by, stopped in for ten minutes to lend their encouragement.

It has been said that a color scheme, a decorative motif, can launch a new club like a beautiful gal breaking a bottle of champagne on the bow of a new ship. Wynne, Harris and Patterson learned this with great pleasure when the clientele took to the pinks, orchids and purples immediately. They "took," too, to the inspired food of Pasquale Dallacqua, formerly of the Stork and a rare being — a chef without temperament.



The genial Ole Andreason — “Andrew of the Stork” — also “took a walk” and is *maitre de*. The menu features his famous *Crab Andrew*. Captains, waiters, office executives and others likewise “took a walk” and there are now eighteen former Stork employees on the payroll.

WHATEVER your heart desires, from *Escargot Bourguigonne* to *Duckling Bigarade*, is available. But non-temperamental Pasquale would like you to enjoy some of his specialties, even if you never get to the Harwyn. He loves to talk about his *Colossal Shrimps Harwyn* and *Duckling Bigarade*. So, here are his own secret recipes:

COLOSSAL SHRIMPS HARWYN

Buy (as many as needed) Alabama *jumbo* shrimps. Boil for five minutes in water to which salt, pepper and a few dashes of tabasco have been added. Peel and clean shrimps and split them. Dip in bread crumbs and fry in pure olive oil. Brown butter with garlic, pour over the shrimps and serve.

DUCKLING BIGARADE

Clean duckling (about seven pounds) thoroughly and roast about two hours before removing from oven.

In the meantime, cook wild rice according to directions on container, and slice oranges in quarters, and prepare the Sauce Bigarade while duck is roasting.

SAUCE BIGARADE

You will need: Red currant jelly, lemon and orange peel (cut julienne), one jigger of port wine, one cup of brown gravy. Use a sauce pan. Brown two tablespoonsful of sugar, add two tablespoons of currant jelly and one jigger of port. Let this simmer until jelly is reduced to liquid. Add the cup of brown gravy and let this simmer ten to fifteen minutes. Blanch lemon and orange peel to remove bitterness and glaze with butter and sugar. Then add to sauce while on flame.

Remove duck from oven, put quarter orange slices and wild rice around the bird, pour the sauce over the duckling and serve.

THERE are many other notable dishes, including breast of chicken with tarragon leaves in white wine sauce; venison steaks with purée of chestnuts; and many others which often surpass the finest foods served anywhere abroad.

The soft music of Ira Brant at the piano seems to blend with the colors in the Harwyn (which is a contraction of the names of the owners, Frank Harris and Ed Wynne). But there are distractions — distractions like Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Greer Garson and Janis Paige; and for lady guests, such distractions as Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, John Hodiak, Lloyd Nolan, and others.

As a wag put it the other night: “This place has everything but Sherm.”

By John T. Flynn

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Bridges and
"Good"

**Bridges and Byrd vs. the
“Good” Public Debt**

TWO TOPFLIGHT American Senators have come up with a proposal which might well get to be as big and noisy an issue as Free Silver in the days of Bryan and Prohibition in the days of Coolidge and Hoover. Senator Styles Bridges, Republican, and Senator Harry Byrd, Democrat, have joined in proposing an amendment to the Constitution.

For twenty years Uncle Sam has been floating around in a sea of red ink. Since 1931, our once thrifty Uncle, after a sober life of 141 years, went off on a reckless spending binge which has lasted for twenty-three years. As a result, our Federal Government owes 275 billion dollars — a sum so big it is practically impossible to visualize. The yearly interest on this debt is almost twice as much as the total yearly cost of the Federal Government before the New Deal. But now at long last the

spenders in Washington are frightened. And this fear has encouraged some leading Republican and Democratic leaders to try to bring this reckless era of spending to an end by means of a Constitutional amendment.

Their proposal, simply stated, is: (1) Two weeks after Congress opens its regular session, the President will send to it a complete list of all activities and plans for the coming year. (2) He will indicate the amount of taxes which must be collected to cover all these costs. No more borrowing; no more deficits.

There is nothing new or queer about this proposal. It means a return to the policy that was followed by our government for 141 years, during which it grew from a little rustic republic to the greatest, richest and most powerful nation in the world. I wonder if the reader can

recall the name of the President who made the following pronouncement:

For three long years I have been going up and down the country preaching that government — Federal, state and local — costs too much. I shall not stop that preaching . . . I propose to you that the government be made solvent and that the example be set by the President and his cabinet.

Finally, he warned that “any government, like any family, can for a year spend a little more than it earns. But you and I know that a continuation of that policy means the poorhouse.” Some of our younger readers may be surprised to be told that these words were uttered by Franklin D. Roosevelt in July, 1932, while he was a candidate for the Presidency. At that time the nation’s debt was \$19,487,000,000. He was elected, and after four years the debt was \$36,424,000,000. After eight years it was practically 43 billion dollars. When Mr. Roosevelt died, the debt was 258 billion dollars.

Today it is 275 billion dollars. And the President of the United States, before the session ended, asked Congress to increase the permitted debt limit by another 15 billion dollars. Of course, World War II and the Korean War are responsible for much of this oppressive debt. However, these lasted only six out of the last 24 years, in every one of which, save two, there were heavy

deficits. How long this can continue without an explosion depends on how long the politicians can keep us in a state of terror of something or other which can be exorcised by a loan.

In time, of course, it will come to an end. This is not a new phenomenon. At one time or another this mad indulgence has wrecked almost every government in modern Europe. And if we do not call a halt it will wreck our government — and, far worse, may wreck our civilization itself.



MOST of our younger citizens, I fear, are not acquainted with the manner in which this new policy of the “good” public debt began. Its roots go back to 1938. In the winter and spring of that year a group of young intellectuals under the guidance of a Harvard professor made a study of our then flourishing depression and concluded that the New Deal had been a failure. The President had experimented with a variety of bizarre and dramatic measures — such as the National Recovery Act and the AAA — all of which were floundering on to failure. The President had borrowed billions, but recovery refused to appear. Still committed to the theory that public debt was a dangerous weapon, the President was in a state of apprehension bordering on panic.

But at this point a group of

young doctrinaires from Harvard and Tufts College appeared in Washington with a new evangel. They wrote a little book — seven of them. In this book they proclaimed that government borrowing was not like private borrowing. The government borrows money from the people. It owes it to the people. It amounts to this — that the people borrow from themselves and owe to themselves. Hence the debt is really meaningless.

Here was a gospel to warm the hearts of the terrified politicians in Washington as the dark shadow of the depression began to peep again over the Potomac. Here was a brave new medicine with the seal of Harvard on it — or at least of one of her top economists. This professor was promptly summoned to Washington and was installed as the economic dictator of the Second New Deal. And most of those bright young heralds of the brave new world of endless debt and phoney money were also summoned to the Capital and distributed amongst its multiplying bureaus. Dr. Alvin Hansen, who shepherded this flock of inflationary pundits, was summoned to Washington and installed in the Federal Reserve Board as its economic mentor and, actually, as the economic lawgiver of the administration.

In 1937, the government collected in round figures five billion dollars and spent nearly eight. In 1938, it collected five and one-half billion and spent seven. In 1940, it collected

less than six billion and spent over nine billion. But for some reason recovery remained timidly away. By this time, however, Hitler had invaded France, the war was on, and Roosevelt prepared, with all the engines of propaganda, to implicate us in it. Very soon he managed to involve us and after that the sky was the limit. The government borrowed five billion in 1941; 20 billion in 1942; 56 billion in 1943; 49 billion in 1944; and 54 billion in 1945.

THE WAR spending brought on a roaring prosperity. The nation which formerly spent from three to five billion dollars a year began spending from 30 to as much as 100 billion in a single year — far the greatest part of it on the cuff, that is, borrowed money spent, not in Europe, but here in America to make the weapons of war. And the borrowing still goes on.

Thus the theory of the Harvard group was sustained, as it had been many times in history. It produces a vast and roaring prosperity as long as the spending lasts. But inevitably this piles up a debt which begins to produce a wholly contrary effect. That debt is now 275 billion dollars. The interest alone on it is around five billion dollars. And this interest charge continues to increase as the public and the banks, surfeited with government bonds, demand higher and higher interest rates.

However, it is becoming increasingly clear that the festival is now

over. The bills are coming due. The interest which the government must collect and pay on the debt is now almost twice what the total cost of government was when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. And so, at this point, two Senators of great influence in Congress — one a Democrat and the other a Republican — and both experts in the field of government finance, have lifted their voices and cried out "Hold, enough!"

Now, as I have said, the simple truth is that Senators Bridges and Byrd are not proposing anything new or queer. They are merely asking that the Federal Government return to that principle of good housekeeping which began in Washington in 1789.

FEW AMERICANS, I think, realize the extent to which our Federal Government adhered to the policy of paying its bills in cash, rather than on the cuff. From the time of Washington to the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt — 141 years — the Federal budget was balanced except in 44 years. Of these 44 years of deficits, 24 were years of war. No one, so far as I know, questions the necessity of borrowing money to fight a war. As we must waste our manhood, we may be pardoned for wasting our wealth when the life or the liberties of a nation are assailed by a foreign foe. And so Senators Bridges and Byrd, in their proposed amendment, specifically except any period of declared war

from the limitation against borrowing money.

In our history, as noted, our budget was unbalanced, up to 1932, in only twenty peacetime years. But these were, for the most part, unintentional, and in every case the deficit was promptly made up in the succeeding year or years. Thus in 1809 the budget was in the red for \$2,507,000. But this was promptly covered by surpluses in the next two years. There were small deficits in 1820 and 1821, amounting to \$1,673,000. In the next year this was covered by a surplus of five million. The year 1824 produced a deficit of \$700,000, but there had been a surplus of over six million in the preceding year. So far as peacetime deficits were concerned, the longest was from 1837 to 1853. This was not planned. The young republic ran into a brace of hard-time years. It went into the red for 37 million dollars. But this was subsequently covered. In short, the few deficit periods in our history were not planned. They were the result of miscalculation in tax levies or in a sudden appearance of hard times. But these few and small deficits were rapidly met and covered.

The only serious deficits in our history, of course, were caused by wars — the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish American War and World War I. The most serious of these deficits was that of the Civil War period. That war added \$2,800,000,000 to

the national debt. But in the year following the war — 1866 — the government operated in the black. The budget was balanced with a substantial surplus. And for the next 23 years the budget was covered by taxes.

The years 1894 to 1897 were years of depression and in 1898 came the Spanish American War. These brought eleven years of deficits out of nineteen up to the time of the First World War — due, as I say, to the depression of 1894 and the Spanish-American War and its aftermath. There were deficits, of course, in the years of the First World War — 1913 to 1919. But after that, during the administrations of Harding, Coolidge and two years of President Hoover, there were eleven years of budgets with substantial surpluses.

BUT NOW we have a debt of 275 billion dollars — and the President has actually urged Congress to grant him the authority to increase it this coming year. There lurks among us, in Washington and in our colleges, that fuzzy-minded collection of "intellectuals" who persist in the dangerous and costly illusion that a public debt is a public blessing. They hold to the fatuous belief that our government of today can shower us with all sorts of blessings, services and handouts and send the bills to little Willie, who will have the inestimable privilege of paying them when he grows up. But, fortunately for him, long before he reaches man's

estate and gets on the tax rolls, this crazy enterprise will have blown up. Indeed it may do so even before Willie gets into long pants.

The simple truth is that for 144 years the Federal Government spent the taxes it collected on the legitimate purposes and functions of governing us. Today this constitutional limitation upon its functions is abandoned. Less than one-fourth of the money spent is on what we have always regarded as the proper functions of government.

More than 75 cents out of every dollar is spent on fantastic adventures all over the globe, interest on the crushing public debt, the maintenance of an army to defend not America but the globe and which has army units located in 49 countries, plus billions in handouts to economic, geographic and social groups of all sorts at home through which votes can be purchased and politicians held in power. And this has been accomplished by piling up a crushing national debt.

There will be no end to this until Congress and the people put into the Constitution the Bridges-Byrd Amendment, which will put a stop to running the government on red ink in time of peace. These statesmen have put their finger on the most dangerous gadget in our national political apparatus, and their amendment will restrain reckless men engaged in the dark enterprise of spending this great, rich, once free republic into bankruptcy.

Canvas Holidays

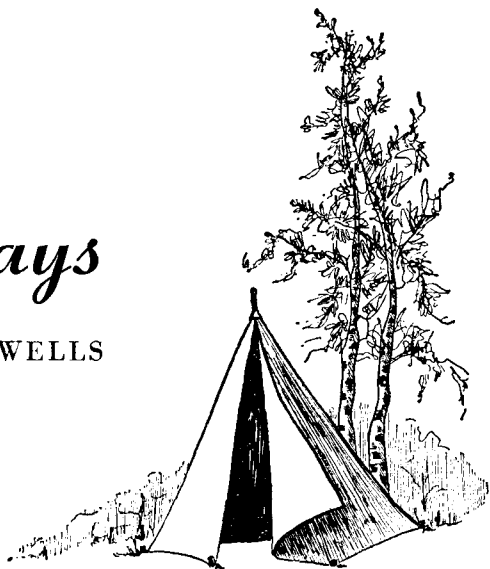
BY IRIS CECILIA WELLS

WHEN my husband, George, first suggested that we camp out on a vacation trip of two weeks, I was thoroughly amused. I told him that was a fine idea and then dropped the plan into the pigeon-hole where I knew it belonged — for Boy Scouts, hunters and for the birds.

I've been told that a clever woman can always handle a determined husband. If he happens to be very determined, it just takes longer than usual to change his mind. It was a real blow to my pride to discover that I'm not clever.

A week before vacation time, I found myself involved in the process of spreading a sleeping bag out on the living room floor and crawling into it. George wanted to prove to me how comfortable it was. All I could feel was a hard hip hitting an even harder floor.

A husband who has been a camper in his youth, a camper on hunting



trips and a camper in the Army, knows a lot about camping. That is, he thinks he does, until he takes his wife along. It becomes a bit frightening to him then. Zipped in his sleeping bag and staring through the tops of pine trees and up into the star-studded sky, he wonders if the whole plan was very bright on his part. After all, a woman just isn't a camper, he tells himself.

But some of his doubts are offset by facts. Being a camper, he can instruct and direct and, knowing all the answers, he can, at last, be literally the boss in his own home. And, he reminds himself, it might be interesting to open up a world of adventure to a neophyte.

On that first camping trip, we were equipped with a sleeping bag

apiece and a flashlight. Our first night we spent in a state park, arriving there straight from the office at about 10:30 P.M. Somehow, it was darker than the dark one knows in the city, and it looked ominous to me. George picked a spot for camping which he said was excellent. It was a new and happy feeling to have his knowledge and determination as my sole moral support. I was cold and I was certainly insecure about the whole world of trees, bushes and strange sounds. *

It didn't take long for us to get settled in the sleeping bags. I was so exhausted and the sleeping bag was so warm that I did not even feel the ground. I was asleep instantly, it seemed. But not for long. Suddenly, a noise awakened me and I sat bolt upright, my heart pounding. Through the silent woods came a rumble, like rolling thunder. As I listened, it moved closer, changing to a deep-throated roar. Instantly, I knew the Thing, whatever it was, would shortly overrun us. I jumped up and George grabbed me. There was a blinding light, turning the woods into daylight. And then the ghastly Thing was upon us. I didn't breathe or move as the rhythmic clack of iron wheels pounded upon my ears and then began to fade into the distance. It was gone and we were still alive.

I fell back in utter relief. George laughed and calmed me down by giving me a short lecture on sounds magnified in the night. I closed my

eyes and slept, but not before I had made a mental reservation of my own about sounds in the night.

Around 5:30 A.M., I was wide awake — a usual time for campers I have since discovered. But it was the middle of the night to my city mind. I stretched and yawned and I had to admit it was a sensational experience to wake up under a roof of tall trees sweeping up into a clear blue sky. Clumsily, I rolled out of the sleeping bag, looked around and then gave a slight shriek.

IF WE HAD SLEPT any closer to the railroad tracks, George wouldn't have had the chance to instruct me about sounds in the night. We had spread our bags at the very edge of a bluff and only a few feet below us was the railroad. It was my turn to laugh, albeit a bit shakily.

We dressed in the car and began the preparations which are known as "breaking camp." With our limited equipment this didn't entail much work, but George took time out to give me the rules and ethics of campers while we had breakfast. I remember thinking how sweet it was for each camper to leave a pile of kindling by the firegrate when he left the campsite. This for the convenience of the next camper who came along. I listened attentively and admired him openly. Just for that, I got a long lecture on fire prevention and control.

As we drove and found camping places each night, my store of in-

formation grew and my fears lessened. I also discovered that I had taken along everything from the kitchen that we didn't need. I remembered the cheese slicer but forgot the can opener. I had lots of old pots and pans but not a lid for one of them. I had yards and yards of netting for protection against mosquitos, but I had nothing to attach it to. While George was at the office, I had filled the tool box with everything useful I could think of — except a hatchet.

GRADUALLY, we bought more gear that was obviously essential to comfortable camping and I reached a point where I could help “pitch camp” and “break camp” with all the aplomb of a professional, I think! I never, of course, actually pitched the tent. But I knew it had two guy ropes and eight pegs. I even tried pounding in a peg once. I broke the peg and severed the rope from the tent. After that, George gave me instructions on how to leave the tent alone. I didn't mind, really. My ego was boosted in other ways. I learned to cook out of doors.

I'm still learning! There never seems to be any end to finding out ways of cooking on an open fire-grate. My first few attempts may be laughed at, but not dismissed. Burning food over an open fire is a simple thing to do, I found. But it takes real skill to burn your hands, your knees, your elbows and your eyebrows. I never knew that a lovely,

dancing fire could be so treacherous and ornery. If I put food on the far side of the grate it didn't cook at all. And if I put it in the center, it was burned before it had even started to cook.

After the skin burns began to heal, I became more cautious. I learned the kinds of fire I needed for certain types of cooking and I would relay the current menu to George so that he could build or reduce the fire as necessary. But once, in the Bighorn Mountains, I remember pitching camp late in the day and being so starved I couldn't wait to get the essentials out of the trunk of the car and begin cooking.

That was when I began to lose confidence in George and his fire building. He built and rebuilt and I've never seen a fire in my life that was so reluctant to burst into flame. I suggested that it might be a good idea to forget all the fire prevention rules and just set light to a tree. George gave me a dirty look and continued struggling. Finally, a small blue flame took hold and George watched it and coddled it as though he had just found some buried treasure.

I put two pans on the grate and waited. And we waited and waited and waited. I ate bread; I ate crackers. We both ate everything that was cold and edible while we waited. And it wasn't until much later, when we were so full of bread and cheese that we couldn't look at another bit of food, that we began to realize we

were camped at 9,000 feet and cooking at that altitude was a mighty slow business.

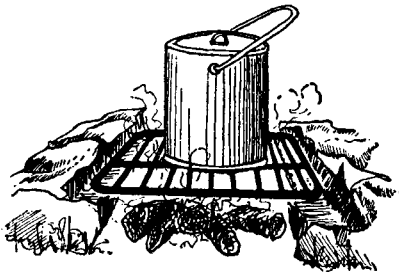
SINCE this initial adventure into the wide open spaces, we have camped out on every summer holiday and every weekend that we could spare. It has become, for me, an avocation delightful in its rewards and satisfying in its demands. There is always something new to learn, to observe and to give one basis for quiet thought.

It has been astonishing to me to see how nature changes from moment to moment. Prior to my camping experiences, I always thought of nature as eternal, changeless. Now I know there is constant change, constant growth, and a spreading out and upward that makes a familiar spot one weekend seem completely different a few days or weeks later.

Perhaps I have just been developing a sense of observation or perhaps it is a fundamental truth of nature which held no interest for me during our former hotel-reservation vacation trips.

And, even though we now have a tent, I still like to put my sleeping bag out under the stars. There is something about *not* having four walls and a roof over my head that spells freedom for my spirit. I like to lie in the sleeping bag on a cool night and look out into the darkness. I no longer see leering faces in the dark, nor do I hear strange sounds. The faces have slipped away with my fears, and the sounds are familiar and sweet. I like the quietness of the woods at night, a vibrant silence of depth, height and vastness which gives me room for reflection.

And most of all, I like to put my hand out and touch George on the shoulder. We do not speak. There is no need for words. He takes my hand and together, but alone with our thoughts, we can dream our dreams in our own way, knowing at last that we are individuals separate and apart from each other, but struggling side by side to make the most of what life has offered us. It is only under the stars at night that this perspective has a chance.



HONG KONG

BY IRENE CORBALLY KUHN



ON A BEAUTIFUL, green, sub-tropical island that rises steeply from the South China Sea is the most exotic and interesting city in the world today, a place to excite the senses and imagination of even the most blasé world traveler. This is the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, a place of many moods and faces, a city between two worlds, caught between the pressures of Communism and freedom and the disparate cultures of the Orient and the Occident.

If one approaches it by Pacific liner, it is first glimpsed lying like a cloud in the azure sea. Close up, shimmering in the near-equatorial heat of summer, it is a lush and teeming city of mud huts and mansions; of splendid skyscrapers and craggy peaks; of sinister sounds and pungent squalor in its narrow alleys and twisting streets. At evening, through a delicate, bluish mist, the

eye discerns the soft contours of the Peak, the city's residential hill. Newcomer and oldtimer alike linger long on the sight, while the Peak's outlines are lost in the descending night that gradually comes alive with thousands of scintillating lights, looping the upward curve of road, dotting the dark with twinkling spangles and sequins of gold from all the lighted windows of houses and buildings perched so high above the harbor.

Up there, in a magnificent mansion that was formerly a Chinese residence, is the Correspondents' Club, the home-away-from-home of many of the American and British newspaper men who are stationed here. The Correspondents' Club, with a well-equipped bar, a good restaurant, and a lovely outdoor terrace for dancing, is a favorite meeting place and local gossip-swap for members and guests.

In the downtown streets that front on the lovely, curving harbor are buildings with colonnaded façades, six, eight stories high. From this enclave of business and commerce, monuments to foreign occupation and enterprise, in this last, most easterly outpost of Britain's once mighty empire in the Orient, the city struggles up the steep pitch behind them, gradually leaving the sea, and the turmoil and hubbub of life in overcrowded quarters bursting at the seams, where the refugees from Red China live from hand to mouth, but free.

Here are the rabbit-warren dwellings of Hong Kong's bulging two and a half million population, white and washed-out pink and weathered tan houses, with their balconies above and shops below. Potted plants and birds and babies fill the balconies, and the faded blue cotton cloth that is so poignantly and uniquely China is everywhere, in the coolie coats and trousers drying in the sun on rattan sticks and bamboo poles stretched from house to house and balcony to balcony.

ACROSS the narrow, steep streets fly colored banners and pennons, bright scarlet and green and pink and yellow, splashed with black and gold Chinese characters advertising all manner of things. Rickshas and pedicabs thread their way in and out of the hurrying crowds, the boys yelling urgent warnings to get out of the way. Bicycles in a never-

ending zig-zag and a constant tinkle of bell make walking high adventure and strolling a pure impossibility. Raucous-horned motor cars dart around corners as if demons were chasing them.

The noise is a compound of whistles and bells, and cries and chants and yells; and its rhythm and beat make a strident symphony that is the true voice of Hong Kong today.

Farther back from the water's edge, back from all this fecund life and feverish activity, nestling in the hills, are the fragrant valleys and peaceful villages, vivid with flowers in spring and summer, green and fresh all year 'round, even in the chill winter rain which renews the palms and bamboos and all the sub-tropical vegetation. Numerous beaches dot the shoreline; retreats in splendid isolation provide pleasant, safe haven for the wicked as well as the righteous. Hong Kong today, Chinese by right, British by treaty, is an island of uneasy freedom surrounded by Red Communist domination and ambition.

In the suburbs, Americans, Britishers, other Europeans and wealthy Chinese live in almost unbelievable luxury. From their villas and apartments they can look into the green vivid jungle below, or out across the sampan-dotted waters of bay or harbor. When they venture out from the cool, aloof magnificence of their days, it is for a short go at business, a round of golf on the Fan Ling links, an afternoon of sport at

the Happy Valley Race Course, tea at Repulse Bay, gin and tonic at the Jockey Club, cocktails at the diplomatic oases.

At night, Hong Kong is a paradise, garlands of twinkling lights strung row on row on its high peaks and middle slopes, the garish illumination of the neon-lighted downtown city along the harborside casting a reflected glow upwards and outwards on the dark waters to merge with the great blooms of light in Kowloon. Kowloon is the mainland settlement, a short sail on the ferry from the island city of Hong Kong, which is properly called Victoria, a name not much used any more.

KOWLOON spreads out from a flat, glaring peninsula with brown cliffs at its back. This is the only piece of the whole vast land of China which is not under Communist domination. It is called the "New Territories," a name given to it in 1898 when the British leased it from the Chinese in Queen Victoria's reign.

The barren hills and fertile valleys of the 351 square miles of the New Territories stretch out from Kowloon to the Red border, an hour's train ride to the tiny village of Lo Wu, 27 miles north of the city. Here, we can face our enemies at a distance no greater than the length of an arm. It is the longest distance in the world, because the barbed wire fence between is the distance between totalitarianism and freedom.

The train from Canton comes in every day, the train from Shanghai less often; and the traffic in refugees is little or great depending on the whims and pleasure of their capricious Red masters.

Few see this frontier village, and fewer still walk the distance beyond to the barbed wire barrier where the unsmiling, hard-eyed Chinese Communist soldiers stand guard with machine guns. Up on the hill are the Communist barracks, the Red flag whipping boldly in the breeze. The Chinese Communists, employing their usual propaganda techniques, chose to build their barracks on this hill because they would thus be able to raise their flag above the Union Jack flying with magnificent unconcern down below on the British side.

This grim reminder of the realities gives an even more bizarre touch to the unreal life, that is almost one of fantasy, in the cosmopolitan port of Hong Kong. The ships come in from the European and Australian and Oriental ports, and the States, with their full tourist complements, gay, free-spending travelers in their expensive clothes and easy manners. The big ocean-hopping planes bring others like them, and there is regular air traffic between Hong Kong and Manila, and Hong Kong and Taiwan, the name by which the Chinese Nationalist government prefers to call its island stronghold of Free China, on Formosa.

For these travelers and tourists,

the attractions of the city are many and varied, the accommodations comfortable, even luxurious. The big imposing Peninsula Hotel on the Kowloon mainland is air-conditioned and so are the many rooms and suites in the colorful Repulse Bay Hotel set in the midst of greenery and flower gardens and looking down from a rise on the crescent sweep of bay. All the pleasures of fine cuisine and liquors are to be had, with superlative service thrown in.

THE sports-minded, whether he be spectator or participant, will find the widest range of activity from tennis and golf to yachting, swimming, racing, and cricket. If he is so minded, he can even make a bet on the fighting crickets on which the Chinese, whose love of gambling is exceeded only by their love of children, place excited wagers.

For a couple of years after the war, those who could afford it, in Japan and the Philippines, went to Hong Kong to shop. Luxuries and comforts abounded and it was a favorite vacation spot and rest cure for service men.

Some of the finest jades and porcelains and paintings are to be found in Hong Kong today, in the curio shops tucked away in odd and unexpected corners of the city, shops run by refugees from Peiping and Nanking and Shanghai, men who salvaged some of their treasures and who make a living selling these and acting as brokers for the heirlooms

of impoverished families who would rather live in freedom and poverty in Hong Kong than endure the totalitarian rule of the Red Chinese who sold out their people and their country to Moscow.

The less knowing, less critical lover of Chinese art can find all sorts of lovely bowls and plates and vases, scrolls and embroideries, fine ivories and even some bronzes in the Thieves' Market, a cluster of tightly-packed-together shops on both sides of a street in the downtown city.

The silks of China come into Hong Kong from the North and there is no disposition on the part of either shopkeeper or traveler to scorn this made-in-Red-China merchandise. Many Peiping and Shanghai "tailors" and embroiderers who will not live in Red China have set up shop in Hong Kong and resignedly apply their exquisite craftsmanship to the manufacture of the beautiful hand-embroidered silk lingerie, pajamas, lounging robes and dresses. Old China hands, visiting Hong Kong, find themselves greeting familiar faces, faces that used to smile at them from the doorways and behind the counters of the many shops on Avenue Joffre and the Nanking road in Shanghai.

The cuisine of Hong Kong is as varied as the city itself. Restaurants abound in which Mandarin dishes from the North are a specialty, and there is one restaurant on the Kowloon side popular with returning members of the small, elite band of

foreigners — war correspondents, “Flying Tigers,” American soldiers and diplomats — which served in Chungking and Kunming during the war, as well as with Chinese refugees from the Western provinces. Here can be had that mouth-watering delicacy, Szechuan duck, cooked in the special spicy, crisp way that identifies it with its origin. There are Shanghai restaurants galore, as well as the omnipresent Cantonese, the most popular of all, since food prepared Cantonese style is the native and preferred style of Hong Kong gourmets.

One can pay little or much, depending on his pocketbook and appetite, as well as on his knowledge of Chinese delicacies. If he is not sure what to order, he need only put himself in the hands of the manager of the luxurious, expensive, air-cooled Goldfish Restaurant where a banquet for ten, in a charming private room, will cost \$100. You don’t have to eat from the banquet menu, however; there are cheaper dishes, of course. It is not a place to go if you are counting pennies, but it is an experience one should not miss even if he has to forego some other small luxury.

At the other extreme is the attractive, air-cooled Crystal Lounge, a sandwich-and-salad place, a favorite with shoppers and office workers for noonday tiffin and afternoon tea. This pleasant place is owned by the wife of a former Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

MUCH has happened to Hong Kong in the 113 years since the British arrived and settled in the midst of its population of primitive folk and pirates. The Japanese took it during the war, and threw the white foreigners into concentration camps. Former victims of that regime will take you driving and point out Camp Stanley to you and smile ruefully now at their experiences then. Now the Japanese are gone but the city is half Red, half Free China, and the flags of both sides fly defiantly. Cloak-and-dagger men from many countries lurk in the shadows.

The Star Ferry carries Communist posters and ads on its boats and the bookstores on Ice House Street and elsewhere display foreign books, anti-Communist works and the latest pamphlets and periodicals and newspapers from the Red printing presses in Peiping, Shanghai and Hankow. There are sporadic student riots and frequent tragedy among the refugees, but somehow the British sense of orderliness and restraint has managed to keep everything calm and in hand on the surface. Under the surface, tension ebbs and flows, determined by the events in the world outside. Its thermostat is regulated by Red propaganda and Western reaction to it.

There are 43 years yet to go on the 99-year lease the British hold on Hong Kong. Not even a professional Chinese gambler will bet on the life of that lease.



Uncle Sam's **PRINT SHOP**

• • • • • BY JAMES ANDREW MAYER • • • • •

THERE is some question as to whether or not the Government Printing Office is the largest printing plant in the world, whether it handles the largest volume, or whether it is the best equipped — all of which has been claimed at some time or other, and fiercely disputed by one or more of the great private establishments. It seems that modern printing has become so varied and complex that accurate comparisons are difficult.

But there is one thing on which there is no debate — it is certainly the most important print shop in the world. The speed, the efficiency, and above all, the accuracy, of the GPO in turning out the millions of documents that enable Congress and the executive agencies to function affect in one way or another the life of every U.S. citizen.

When the boys in the “back room” of the daily newspaper bog down, the editor tears his hair and some exceedingly harsh words are

exchanged. But the only time the average subscriber knows about it is when one of the irrepressible Linotype operators drops, adds, or shifts a letter — often with hilarious effects.

If the GPO bogs down, however, the important processes of the Government are often slowed, with costly effects to every taxpayer.

A classic example of the costliness of an error by the Public Printer was that of a tariff bill a few years ago. A coma turned up in the wrong place and neither the proofreaders nor the members of Congress caught it until after it had become law and was spotted by a shrewd lawyer. Millions of dollars of revenue were lost to the Government and hundreds of producers were damaged before the law could be properly amended.

The Government Printing Office is a \$58-million corporation, wholly owned and operated by the United States Government. It receives no

appropriation from Congress. Instead, it operates on a rotating fund, billing the various departments, agencies and committees of Congress for the services rendered on a cost basis.

Uncle Sam's venture into the printing business is not one of the New Deal babies. The man who started it was one Abraham Lincoln, in 1861. He decided to eliminate once and for all the scandals resulting from the parceling out of lush printing contracts as political plums by the Federal Government.

ABOUT one-third of the GPO's volume of work is still contracted to private firms on a bid basis. This consists of specialized work which can be done more economically by firms set up for that specific type of printing. The other two-thirds is printed in one of the GPO plants in Washington, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle or New York.

Boss of the print shop is Raymond Blattenberger, a Philadelphia printer, who left a high-paid job to become Public Printer at \$15,000 a year — and he still wonders why.

Typical of the headaches that Blattenberger acquired along with his fancy title, for instance, was the rush job on the Oppenheimer hearings by the Atomic Energy Commission. Without advance warning, the Commission called the GPO production manager at his home at 6:30 P.M. on a Saturday. The plant was closed and the employees were all off for the week-

end. Just a matter of a small job, they said, some 3,400 typewritten pages of copy that they would like printed, bound and delivered Monday morning (500 to 1,000 copies).

The GPO top officials rushed to the office, prepared estimates, started sending out emergency calls to proofreaders, typesetters, compositors, etc. The copy arrived at 12:45 A.M. and the Commission advanced the deadline for delivery to Tuesday morning. A composing room force of nearly 200 employees was called in Sunday and Sunday night. By 4:30 P.M. Monday, nineteen hours ahead of deadline, the copies were delivered.

"I doubt that any other print shop in the world could have gotten out that job in that time," says Blattenberger, a free enterpriser to the bone.

Blattenberger takes even more pride in the financial record of the GPO since he became Public Printer eighteen months ago. It has reduced rates to the various Government agencies by 5% and at the same time absorbed more than \$600,000 in wage increases.

That, in these days of mounting costs, is a pretty good record for a man who did not want the job in the first place, and still entertains some doubts as to whether the Government should be in the printing business, at least not on such an extensive scale.





American Forum



MODERATED BY THEODORE GRANIK

Founder-Producer of "American Forum of the Air"



Will There Be a Third World War?

THE GREATEST single question mark hovering over the world is, "Will there be an atomic Armageddon?" "Will Russia and the United States clash?"

Upon that question depends the fate of mankind, including generations yet unborn. This crucial question should not, therefore, be casually answered with smug over-confidence, "No," nor should it be hastily or hysterically answered "Yes."

The plain hard facts must be analyzed so that America can make sound decisions accordingly.

It is universally agreed that the

alarming Soviet atomic and H-bomb stockpile is growing. Some people believe, therefore, that the question should not be, "Will World War III come?" but rather, "*When* will it come?" If that were to be the question, however, the time factor would be difficult to weigh accurately, except on the basis of highest intelligence information. In any event, we review now the more basic question of war or peace, itself. The principal arguments, as recently set forth by leaders on both sides of opinion, are factually presented for the reader's own evaluation.

Pro

1. PRECEDENT. World War III is likely because every armaments race in history — in which two major powers or alliances of powers raced for military supremacy — has ended inevitably in war.

2. ACCIDENT. Even if war were not intentionally desired, a

chain of accidental circumstances could occur to trigger the explosion. One side might unintentionally misinterpret some action by the other side as a "hostile" act, and before anyone could call a halt, the wheels of war might start.

Consider what might conceivably

have happened if the U.S. had sent American G.I.'s into now-crumbling Indo-China.

The Chinese Communists might have retaliated by pouring in massed Chinese Red divisions. America might — under those circumstances — have decided to use atomic bombs, not only on the Chinese Red troops inside Indo-China, but for “massive instant retaliation” against Peking and other leading Chinese cities. This, in turn, might have been regarded by the Soviet Union as a reason for its invoking of the Soviet-Chinese military alliance; and that might have set Soviet bombers winging toward the U.S.



This pattern of circumstances could still unintentionally occur if we decided to send U.S. troops to defend Thailand, Burma, Malaya, or other lands, and if Red China did likewise in open rather than covert aggression.

3. LOCAL WAR. The Soviets have achieved a shocking degree of success with their cheap “cold-war, minor-war” technique. However, Russia knows that the ultimate decision on the world scene will be between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. America is the strongest foe — the final foe — of world Communism. The Soviets know that ultimately they must win on the American battlefield itself — or not at all.

4. NEAR TECHNICAL

EQUALITY. War will come because the fundamental premise that America’s “vast” technical superiority is a deterrent to war — is proving unsound. The fact of the matter is that, as Donald A. Quarles, Assistant Defense Secretary for Research and Development stated recently, “Our technical weapons position as compared with the Soviets is less favorable than it was a year ago.”

“Our margin of advantage has been narrowed and we must face the sober inferences to be drawn from these facts.”

Besides, the Soviets are devoting more than 50 per cent of their heavy industry to armaments. We are allocating only 15

per cent of our industry to arms. We can out-distance Russia in industrial production in an all-out war, only if there is sufficient time to mobilize. We may never get such time, because World War III could knock out our industrial backbone in a matter of hours or days. Overnight, under blitz attack, we could be pulverized into a fifth-rate nation.

5. RED READINESS. Russia is militarily ready. Her intercontinental striking power is enormous. At her 1954 May Day parade, she displayed heavy jet bombers which many observers regard as capable of an intercontinental air strike, round-trip. Two-thirds of her bomber force is already jet-propelled, and her fighter planes are almost 100 per

cent jet-powered. She has 20,000 planes, compared to the United States' 10,000.

General Bonner Fellers, in his book, *Wings for Peace*, stated, "Available intelligence estimates indicate that at the close of 1952, Russia possessed 150 atomic bombs. It is calculated that she will have stocked 400 by 1955."

Calculate what this would mean in terms of these facts: The average fission bomb has an explosive power equal to 100,000 tons of TNT. The blast area of such a bomb is approximately 25 square miles. In addition, calculate the significance of Russia's possession of monstrous hydrogen bombs. An improved type of H-bomb has a blast area of 250 square miles. A single such H-bomb dropped in the New York-Philadelphia area could blast a region containing approximately one-fifth of the population of the United States, in addition to some of its most powerful industrial, commercial, banking and other resources.

6. RED INVULNERABILITY.

Huge, sprawling Russia is far less concentrated in population than are we. Therefore, she offers fewer atomic targets than we do. Because her people have been accustomed to living at a more primitive level, the possible cutting off of fuel, much of the food supply, etc., would not be as nearly calamitous as it would be if the same disaster were to happen to the United States.

7. U.S. UNPREPAREDNESS.

The crucial element in an atomic war could be the ability of the continental U.S. to defend itself against attack. According to every report, our homefront is pitifully vulnerable to enemy assault. This unpreparedness increases the likelihood of war because we are so tempting a target to the Reds. In the most recent civil defense test it was estimated that eight million Americans would have been killed by an oncoming Soviet air armada of 425 planes.

The Air Force has never estimated that, even under ideal conditions, it could assure a higher "kill" rate of more than three out of every ten incoming bombers.

Meanwhile, the day of the intercontinental guided missiles (possibly carrying chemical and bacterial as well as A-bomb, H-bomb warheads) is approaching. Against these missiles, the U.S.'s potential "kill" rate will go down, all things being equal. The border area of the United States covers so many thousands of miles that we could not possibly set up our own guided missile launching stations in sufficient strength and at enough locations to beat down an incoming deluge of enemy missiles.

Moreover, the problem of "suitcase atomic bombs," smuggled by traitors into our cities or into the holds of ships in our harbors, is still another phase of our grim defense problem.

Our own Strategic Air Command is exceedingly vulnerable itself, ac-

cording to certain impartial observers. This is not SAC's fault; the hard problem is that there is now virtually no warning time feasible for the SAC or for the continental U.S. as a whole.

In other words, if there is only fifteen minutes' advance warning time, some estimates are that even as much as 90% of the SAC might be caught on the ground and destroyed before the planes could be launched into the air or otherwise dispersed. Thus, until we can get several hours' advance warning time, the SAC is in deadly danger itself.

8. SHAKY BASES. Another of the so-called deterrents to war is our perimeter of overseas bases, surrounding the Soviet Union. The fact of the matter is, however, that many of these bases are located in areas which (a) could be rendered potentially neutral if they were threatened by direct Soviet annihilation attack, and (b) as in North Africa — are already either indifferent or hostile to the U.S. cause. Experience has shown that no air base can be held in an area surrounded by a hostile population. Even an indifferent population is of a type which enemy saboteurs could easily penetrate in order to destroy planes before they ever got off the ground.

9. NATO WEAKNESS. The entire concept of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is probably obsolete, particularly if there are no West German divisions in a Euro-

pean Defense Community army, as now seems likely to be the case. In any event, the Soviets could knock the Allied countries out of the war, probably simply by a threat to wipe out Paris, Berlin, London and Rome, unless all of their armies laid down their weapons. Under such circumstances, the NATO force might collapse overnight. Moreover, a relatively few atomic bombs could knock out the principal West European ports, and thus prevent any United States reinforcement of NATO armies. But such U.S. reinforcement would be indispensable toward holding any front in Western Europe.

10. IRON CONTROL. It is a fact that the Soviets fear the subject peoples. Nevertheless, few experts assume that there would be the same sort of ground invasion of Russian territory in World War III, such as occurred in World War II, and such as permitted mass surrenders. Without such invasion, to whom could Russian and satellite forces surrender? The Red armies would certainly not be falling back, but would be attacking en masse. Attacking forces do not capitulate easily. Moreover, the Soviets have learned some lessons on how to deal with armed forces of dubious loyalty, and they will probably not permit the mass defections which occurred in World War II to be repeated.

11. FANATIC LEADERSHIP. With each passing day, the old-line Soviet leadership diminishes. The

new generation of Communist leaders who have never even visited the Western world, emerges more and more to the fore. These Communists have no independent basis on which to appraise the true strength and vitality of the Western world. Perhaps the Red leaders are being told only what they want to be told. Perhaps false intelligence information to them advises them that "there is widespread depression in the U.S. with ten million or more unemployed"; that "a revolution is likely inside the U.S."; that "masses of the American people want Communism to triumph." If this is the picture, then the Kremlin's leaders may take an utterly misguided step of precipitating war on the basis of inaccurate intelligence and on the basis of their own distorted Marxist concepts of alleged "internal capitalistic weaknesses." In other words, the Communists could become the victims of their own lies. But the

world could thereafter be the victim of a terrible war.

CONCLUSION

COMMUNISM is a creature of violence. Karl Marx said that, "Violence is the midwife of every society" — the means by which the old gives way to the new. The Soviets came to power by force. They have perpetuated themselves by force. They believe in force.

War, to them, is the highest form of violence. Their entire literature demonstrates that they expect and welcome an "inevitable" collision between the East and West. While war involves risks, Communists, by their very fanatic nature, are men who are willing to take risks; to lose, if necessary, millions of lives in order to gain the domination of the world.

We had best, therefore, prepare our own thinking in terms of expectation of war.

Con

1. Past armaments races have always indeed led inevitably to war, but this time the Soviets know that war would involve simultaneous mutual annihilation. They probably feel, therefore, that such a global war must be avoided at all costs.

2. The Soviet Union will not start a war by "accident." She will start a war only when she is absolutely ready for it, only when she

feels the chips are piled so high and her cards are so unbeatable that it is worthwhile for her to take the final step.

She will not hurl her bombers and missiles at the U.S. after a haphazard chain of unforeseen military actions in Thailand or elsewhere. The keys to Soviet strategy are: planning and surprise. An A-bomb strike by her would come first — not last — in a

chain of events. It would come by master-plan, by design, not by accident.

3. World War III is unlikely because the Soviets have craftily demonstrated that they prefer a technique of bush-fire wars involving piece-by-piece nibbling by Red satellite armies at more foreign real estate. Russia would consider it foolish to risk losing everything in an atomic war when she is already gaining such spectacular success through minor wars, as in Indo-China, where she probably didn't lose a man of her own.

She is convinced that her treacherous pattern of internal espionage, sabotage and subversion will reap even more success in the future — especially among the underdeveloped areas — than it has in the past. She sees little reason why she should change a winning formula and risk 100 per cent loss.

4. The Soviets have a healthy respect for the industrial power of the United States. They know that it was United States lend-lease equipment which proved crucial in helping them to stem the onrushing German tide in World War II. The Soviets' very concentrating on spying of United States defense secrets shows how inferior they feel before the technological strength of the United States.

5. Russia's military forces are admittedly vast and are growing constantly. Nevertheless, sheer numbers will not prove determinative in

the event of an all-out war. We need not and cannot match Russia, plane for plane, tank for tank, U-boat for U-boat. But by concentrating on advanced nuclear and other weapons, we can more than counter-balance her numerical superiority.

The Soviet dictatorship tries to "put up" the most impressive façade of strength. It has time and again, however, shown chronic weaknesses, as during the first Finnish invasion and during World War II. No one, moreover, can determine the extent to which internal purges and other convulsions in the hate-ridden, fear-rotten Soviet Union may have sapped the morale of the Red Army itself.

6. Russia, in spite of her vast area, is still exceedingly vulnerable to attack. Her communications are in a particularly tenuous condition, and could be relatively easily knocked out. Her petroleum supply in the Caucasus is vulnerable. Her hydro-electric development is just as ripe as ours for attack, if not more so.

The United States Strategic Air Command is the greatest military organization in the world, and the Soviets know it. Moreover, the leaders of the Kremlin know that each of them personally would have a very short life expectancy in the event of an all-out United States attack upon Russian territory.

7. Our own defenses are constantly improving in cooperation with our Canadian allies. Obviously,

we cannot risk bankruptcy by spending tens of billions of dollars in order to increase our potential "kill" rate against an incoming air enemy to 90% or 100%. However, we can and will make an enemy attack so costly as to be militarily unfeasible.

We can be sure that America's number one soldier, Dwight D. Eisenhower, will leave no stone unturned in order to assure our peak-preparedness.

Moreover, under General Curtis LeMay, our Strategic Air Command has attained brilliant split-second efficiency in getting pilots into planes and planes into the air, once an alert has been sounded. Preparation time is being constantly reduced, particularly as new-type jets come into operation — requiring less and less time to take off. Meanwhile, North America's continental radar defense lines are being improved — extended in depth — from the Arctic downward — so as to stretch our advance warning time.

If American weakness alone were a temptation to war, why did not the Soviets initiate war right after World War II, when Europe was still a shambles and we demobilized our Armed Forces, as did our Allies? Why did not Russia — with her mobilized millions — precipitate war in 1945 and 1946 when the Communists were riding high in France and Italy with actual Red representation inside these Allied governments? The answer is that the Soviet Union believed that it could

attain its objectives without all-out war. It still holds to this belief.

A key attribute of the Eurasian type of mind is patience. The Russians, like the Chinese, are willing to wait years and even decades until they achieve their objectives. We Anglo-Saxons tend, however, to presume that every uncertain situation must be brought quickly to a head.

The Russians know that the United States will never start a preventive war because a constitutional republic abhors war. Therefore, they feel the initiative will remain with the Soviet Union, and step by step, piece by piece, year by year, they feel they can gain their objectives with a minimum of loss and a minimum of risk.

They feel the tide of history is running with them; why rush it to a premature climax?

8. While all our overseas bases are not as secure as they might be, the backbone of our strength is headquartered on U.S. territory or in areas whose populations are reliable. One hundred per cent of our attacking bombers might not get off the ground from overseas bases, but enough of them would, in cooperation with U.S.-based armadas, to leave Russian cities mere smoking piles of rubble.

9. The increasing strength of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has made it militarily impossible for the Red Army easily to sweep to the English Channel. NATO's defensive forces, particu-

larly armed with tactical atomic weapons, could prove a worthy match for the Soviet legions.

10. There is one thing the Soviet Union fears more than U.S. military might, and that is the bitter hatred of her own and the satellite peoples. The Russians know that particularly the satellite armies and populations are almost totally unreliable. The mass Ukrainian and other minority defections to German invading forces in World War II proved to the Soviets that they dare not risk war, lest there be wholesale surrenders. The East-Berlin-East-German uprisings of June 17, 1953, proved that East German troops would not fire on freedom-loving East Germans. There is little reason to believe that under mounting Red repression, Czech, Polish, Rumanian, or other satellite armies would do anything but lay down their arms and/or turn on their enslavers at the first opportunity.

Aggressive war might therefore turn into civil war both in the U.S.S.R. and throughout its slave empire. All the armed might in the world cannot quench the fires of the human spirit hungering for freedom.

11. There is little to choose between the so-called old Soviet leadership and the new leadership. After all, it was the so-called "mature" and "conservative" Old Guard which precipitated some of the worst slaughters in Soviet history, as for example in the great purges and artificial famines of the 1930's.

The fact that a new generation of Soviet leaders has arisen will not prove that critical one way or the other. There are cool heads and hot heads in both groups.

As for Soviet intelligence, while there is a tendency to tell a dictatorial clique what it wants to hear, still the price of giving inaccurate information would be so terrible that few spies or supervisors of spies would risk falsifying the hard truths. The Communists may prate about phoney "capitalistic depressions" to their own people, but the evidences to the contrary must be well known, at least to the leaders of the Kremlin and to their intelligence services.

CONCLUSION

Communism is, indeed, addicted to violence, but the Communists are, above all, realists. They will not get into a shooting match unless they are convinced that they can certainly win it. A realistic appraisal should demonstrate to them that they are not going to win World War III if they are so rash as to precipitate it. Premier Malenkov's recent statement admitting the possibility of an A-bomb, H-bomb holocaust demonstrates that the top leaders of the Kremlin are not oblivious of what war could mean to them and to the rest of the world. We must remain vigilant against every possible contingency, but by no means should we become resigned to the so-called "inevitability" of war.

H I T B O T T O M

THE BOOKSTALLS CURRENTLY offer two books, each by a celebrity who made the difficult, trying escape from the black swamp that is alcoholism. There are tens, even hundreds, of thousands of such stories of despair and, finally, triumph, which will never see print. But in them all there is one basic sameness, despite the differences in the social and financial classification of the individuals. They all *had* to hit bottom.

Naturally, a celebrity gets more attention if he has been before the public for years. But there are many other celebrities who, in the broad sense, do not get attention, nor do they wish it.

then

BY HAROLD HADLEY

The business tycoon, the professional gambler, the contractor, the crack salesman, the ladies-wear buyer . . . men and women who hit bottom as alcoholics and had the bounce to come back.

As one who found the foraging rather bleak in that black swamp and who managed some six years ago to recognize the bottom and accept the lift of A.A., and who is a winner as of today (we of A.A. go it one day at a time), I wish to talk about that hitting bottom. There is a general feeling in A.A. that if the alcoholic hasn't hit bottom, his chances of survival and, later, winning back a place in society, are practically nil. So what is "bottom"?

BOUNCE

Many think that skid row is bottom, and it is, to some. To others, skid row is a place of residence, occupied by men who would rather live in skid row than elsewhere. It is geared to their thinking.

Skid row would revolt others; yet these others have their own bottom in life, and I have heard a middle-aged son of a great banker say, after a splendid comeback in A.A., "I was never on skid row;

I brought skid row to my apartment!"

Each group of A.A. members has its meetings, open and closed. Members speak. They discuss their problems. And they usually bring out their "low," their "bottom" in the drinking career.

One member said, "I owe a good deal to A.A. I now have two suits, a job, an apartment; when I awake I know what day it is, what happened last night. And only a little while back I was doing life in prison on the installment plan."

So he was. In Los Angeles, twenty days in jail for being drunk. In Tucson, forty-five days in jail. In the next town, two weeks. Wherever he went, he got alcohol, whether cheap wine or the more costly whiskey, or just plain rubbing alcohol, if broke. And he always landed back in jail. This went on for years.

He got to thinking: "I have killed no one, but I am serving a life sentence." His low was unpleasant, but he was lucky. Somewhere he read about Alcoholics Anonymous and he asked for help. He got, it turned out, that help which amounted to an unconditional pardon.

MY LAST POST was that of a radio executive, before I went into A.A. And in the Philadelphia A.A. club, where I first became associated with members of the fraternity, I was approached by a man walking gracefully into the twilight of life,

his hair white, his step firm, his eyes as young as a boy's. He was a celebrity. He was the head of a big manufacturing concern. He told me *his* low.

His skid row was a room in one of the city's finest clubs. Days on end and weeks on end he remained in that club, speaking only to his chauffeur, who came with mail, and to the houseman, who came with bourbon. Bourbon by the bottle.

Finally, a banker arrived. There was a discussion of notes that were due, of the company president whose desk had been empty so long. And then the glove was flung to the floor: "Give me your stock or pay the note by 3 P.M.," said the banker.

Well, you do not have that kind of money around if you have taken residence in the black swamp; so the manufacturer got his stock together and gave it to the banker.

And then he called A.A. He had hit his bottom.

He got his stock back. His firm is secure now. My friend summers in Maine and winters in Florida, but, wherever he is, he keeps in touch with A.A., and today he will tell new, flustered, insecure members his story of hitting bottom. It helps tremendously.

Another who told me his low was another highly successful businessman. He still had a fine home and a going business when he came into A.A. And a skid row in his



rumpus room in the basement of his suburban home.

He drank alone, in bars alone, at home alone. There was nothing social about his drinking. It was guzzling.

So he kept his favorite whiskey in his basement rumpus room. And one day his wife went downstairs and found him there, fogged up, shaking, bewildered. There was a finger of whiskey left in his last bottle. He was sitting on the floor. He had been there for hours.

His wife took in the situation, inquired how he was doing, and he complained that he would soon be in terrible shape, because he did not feel up to going out for more liquor and he was running desperately low.

His wife went back upstairs. Presently, in a half hour or so, she was back. She had a case of whiskey. She placed it beside him and said, "There . . . drink yourself to death."

My friend says it sounded like a command, and it cut through the fog in his brain and told him something. It told him he'd hit bottom. His basement floor was as hard a bed as skid row concrete.

He did not drink that case of whiskey. It's been better than seven years since he's had a drink. Now he spends a good deal of his time helping out at the club where he learned about living happily with sobriety, and where he told me about hitting bottom and recognizing it.

OF COURSE there are less spectacular bottoms. The laborer who slept for years in boxcars, wound up in the Salvation Army's place at Roxborough, Pennsylvania, talked with visiting A.A.'s, and later got a job and just stuck around. Ten or more years, that's been, and today this man who lived in boxcars has a wife and children, is a personality in A.A. and his community.

There is, too, the former head of a public utility. Now ten, eleven years in A.A., he will sit at a table in the A.A. club, have coffee and tell you that his son — in banking — changed his name legally and that was a low.

The same son, years later, heard of his father's late-in-life change for the better and called on him with a Christmas present. There is the suspicion he called as much in curiosity as for any other reason, but he remained for days.

Now they correspond and that's a good deal.

One who has been around in the A.A. fraternity gets to know the weaknesses of many men. The hitting bottom is the next-to-last phase of an illness. For that's all it is: social drinkers enjoy a drink and more power, more fun to them! But, for a small percentage of us, alcohol brings on a disease.

Never will it be cured, but it can be arrested and, so long as it is arrested, there is no need to "hit bottom."

Coeds Go for Dental Students

BY PEARL P. PUCKETT

ACCORDING to a recent survey of midwestern dental colleges, dental students on a whole are the "marryingest" men on the entire campus. Furthermore, they manage to marry wives who are excellent housekeepers, loving mothers, most devoted and sympathetic life partners.

Statistics also show that approximately twenty dental seniors out of every forty have two children before graduation, and five out of thirty-six have three children.

The score tallies like this: 86 out of every 159 dental students are married; 112 of 301 medical students; 42 of 117 law students; 43 of 310 commerce students; 79 of 786 liberal arts; 26 of 151 pharmacy students.

Why do girls prefer dental students? I've dropped in on dozens of wives. One told me her husband was one of 36 seniors to graduate this year. "I wouldn't trade my husband for all the gold in Fort Knox, and I guess most wives of dental students feel the same way. You'll find dentists and dental students very considerate, sympathetic and kind. They are home-loving; they are punctual for meals; and, after they have established an office, they

aren't subject to call at all hours like physicians."

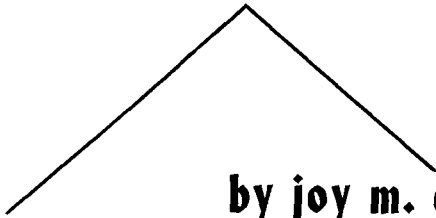
I talked with another young lady who is planning to marry a junior. "Why did you select the dental profession?" I asked her pointedly.

"Did you ever know many dental students?" she shot back at me. "If you had you wouldn't be asking why. There's not a wolf among them. Girls love attention, consideration and gentleness. You can 'spot' a dental student on the campus anytime, not particularly by the way he dresses or combs his hair, but by his good manners. They immediately inspire confidence, make you want to open your mouth and say 'Ahhh' — only I said 'Yes'."

So there you have it, girls. And, of all the dozens of wives interviewed, only one admitted that she was having a pretty hard time balancing the budget. Then she added, "You know it brings couples closer together to have to stint and skimp for a few years." The others seemed so breathlessly happy that the budget with all its red ink didn't cause them undue concern.

Goes to show you that love isn't blind after all. Gals know what they want and are willing to pay the price.

the mountain



by joy m. collins

OUT of the womb of eternity the mountain was born. In the beginning of time her rugged outline matched the chaotic skies of the days of creation. She was not beautiful and a wild wind came to shriek derisively about her ugly crags and cliff-like sides. She stood gaunt and silent, and a hurt and proud anger hardened the cold planes of her face.

At length the wind tired of derision and blew away from the four valleys surrounding the mountain. Stirred by a great restlessness, he blew south and then east, west and then north. Beneath his wandering gaze the wonder of the world revealed itself and through the years he watched while beauty clothed the earth.

At last he came to the four valleys again. They lay in darkness, shadowed by the overhanging crags of the mountain. He cried out at sight of her ugliness and now his voice was not filled with derision, but she who had hardened herself against all feeling beneath the first lash of his scorn sensed no change in his tone, nor heard him at all. Her deep caves threw back the echo of his voice as if even this faint ghost must not be allowed to dwell where her proud loneliness had rejected all things — even the beautiful gifts of time.

The wind cried out again, this time in sorrow for the great unkindness of his youth which had sown no seed but barrenness in one corner of the world he had

grown to love. The passing clouds heard his voice and wept with him. The torrential shedding of their tears drenched the ugly mountain and gave new and softer lines to her face. The wind went out over the world again, seeking here a handful of dust, there a sprinkling of clay until at last he had given to the mountain the first soft garment of earth to cover her nakedness.

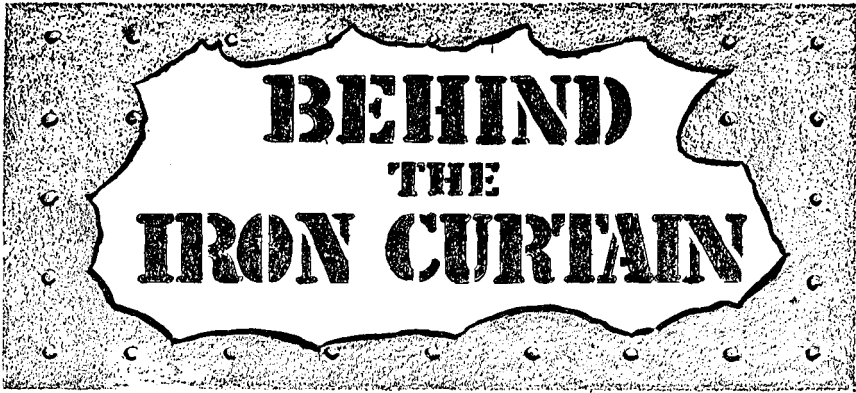
Now she no longer looked so forbidding and the young grass of the valleys stole up to her side. The wind went out to gather the seeds of tree and flower and the clouds wept again — the warm tears of joy that moved the very sun to look upon the mountain — and she was at last touched to release the secret of her heart. It was a silver ribbon woven of her long hidden yearning for beauty.

In time the mountain became a

thing all loveliness and came the days of wonder when the wind must stand breathless in the valley to see the yellow flame of gorse light up her green serenity at the soft approach of summer, or to behold her autumn colored gown of fading leaves and soft-hued heather. But it was in winter, when she wore the purple cloak of evening shadows, that he reached up to steal from the sky and he laid upon her dark head a crown of sparkling snow.

From far above, the moon looked down and from the valleys the first men looked up. The wind went away beyond the rim of the world, nor is it remembered that he ever was more than a faint breathing. The breathing of the desire of the Sculptor who laid an ugly mass of rock between the valleys and showed the beauty of the world to the scornful wind who became His willing chisel.





BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Top Secret: The Red Police

By ALAN SET

THE MOST fallacious opinion about the U.S.S.R., adroitly propagated abroad by Soviet agents themselves, is that the Red Empire, sooner or later, is bound to crumble into dust following some irresistible revolt of the too cruelly oppressed human masses in Russia and her satellite countries. Why risk the disaster of a world war in the atomic age — so goes the argument — when the Communist regime is doomed to disintegration under the impact of the abhorrence it generates against itself among all the peoples it governs? Why pay the most exorbitant price for something we are sure to obtain free, even if it takes some years of waiting? This is the poisoned bait which perverse Communist propa-

ganda succeeded in tossing across the Iron Curtain to Western fellow-travelers and wishful thinkers, who eagerly turned it into one of the axioms governing the West's present attitude toward the U.S.S.R.

Nothing is eternal in this world, and therefore one may be sure that a day will come when the so-called "Communist revolution" will be only a gloomy chapter in the long history of mankind. Policies, however, cannot be shaped with eternity in mind. And it is a fact that today we have not the slightest evidence to support the belief that, in the foreseeable future, the Red regimes governing the Communist empire may fall as a result of a popular uprising. On the contrary, there is am-

ple proof to convince us that the men in the Kremlin have managed to devise a faultlessly working apparatus which at the present time, and probably for a long time to come, will make any successful popular uprising simply unthinkable. This apparatus is the Communist Security Police, indisputably the most perfect tool ever devised by men in order to keep entire peoples in a state of absolute subjugation.

The organization and the functioning of the Red police forces constitutes the most closely guarded secret in the U.S.S.R. and the satellite countries. Let us take at random the case of Hungary. We know almost everything that happens there. We know that the Hungarian army is eleven divisions strong, one of them being armored but incompletely equipped, and one motorized. We know what they are worth, where they are stationed and by whom commanded. To give another example, we know the names of students specially trained in the highly secret Hungarian school for agents at Budafok-Harrosz, to serve as Communist spies abroad. We even know such details as that the manager of the "Fourth of April" electrical machinery plant in Budapest was replaced this summer, on charges of incompetence. And that a number of Russians have reserved rooms in the new luxurious apartment house now under construction in Köbánya. But how much do we know about the Hungarian political police?

THE ANSWER is simple: practically nothing. Since Prime Minister Imre Nagy announced more than one year ago that the A.V.H. will be reorganized, we do not even know its true name. We are not sure by whom it is headed or whether it is true that responsibility for the security of the state has been shifted to a special department of the Defense Ministry. We believe that Imre Nagy himself is not absolutely certain who is giving orders to his own bodyguards clad in the old A.V.H. uniforms, yet apparently disconnected from their old headquarters at the Ministry of the Interior.

What seems to be certain is that for some mysterious reasons the Hungarian Secret Police is being, now for more than a year, thoroughly reorganized by Moscow. What strikes us immediately is that the same is true of Soviet Russia's own security forces.

There, since Beria's fall in June, 1953, a complete re-shuffle has taken place, probably with more changes to come. Not only have literally thousands been liquidated from the former MGB (Ministry of State Security) and MVD (Ministry of the Interior) — both headed at the time by Beria himself — but the two most powerful security departments have been rearranged in rank and form.

The Ministry of State Security (MGB) became the Committee of State Security attached to the Coun-

cil of Ministers with its powers markedly broadened and now responsible only to Prime Minister Georgi M. Malenkov and the Party's Central Committee. A Malenkov man, Colonel General Ivan Alexandrovich Serov, is chairman of the new Committee of State Security, and probably one of the most powerful personalities in Soviet Russia today.

The dreaded MVD under Colonel General Sergei N. Kruglov, with its twenty divisions of special troops, its own air force, its armored units and millions of secret agents, now receives orders from Serov's Committee of State Security, and so does the equally formidable War Police which controls the Red Army and all the security organizations in the satellite countries.

STABILITY THROUGH CONTINUOUS CHANGES

This at present seems to be the general set-up. In the tight grip of Malenkov and the few top men of the Communist Party's Central Committee, Serov's Committee of State Security directs all the Communist diversionist activities abroad. At the same time it controls, through the MVD, all civilian life in the U.S.S.R., and through Marshal Bulganin's War Police, all of the Soviet military establishments and practically all the activities in the satellite countries.

Apart from these few elementary data, here again, as in the case of

Hungary, we know practically nothing about the intricate functioning of the tremendous Soviet police apparatus, which probably employs, directly or indirectly, no less than ten per cent of the whole active population, and certainly is the wealthiest owner of land, mines, factories and other property which the Communists tolerate apart from the Communist state itself. Does it ensue that we cannot pierce at least some of these secrets which, for fear of certain death, the peoples behind the Iron Curtain dread even to think about?

THERE certainly are facts which even Serov's most redoubtable methods cannot hide. They are of course disparate and often apparently without relation. To mention only the most striking, one of them is that — with a single exception — no attempt was ever made during the past few years, either in the U.S.S.R. or in any satellite country, at an uprising in strength of the masses against the universally hated police. Another is that, in the case of Beria, the police apparatus proved to be strong enough to liquidate the very man by whom it had been organized and ruled for fifteen years, once he became suspected of using it for a different aim than that for which it was originally conceived.

Then comes the testimony of such prominent MGB members as Petrov in Australia and Khoklov in Germany, who decided, for private

reasons, to desert the ranks. And finally we have literally thousands of reports by escapees from all the lands behind the Iron Curtain who at one time or another were persecuted by the Communist police.

All these facts, when very carefully studied and compared, if not sufficient to draw a complete picture of what the police system is like, allow us at least to draw certain very important conclusions. Here they are, based on several years of research.

PROBABLY the most important point to be remembered is that the Communist police apparatus is guided not by individuals but by a principle, namely the security of the Soviet state, engaged in its fight for the domination of the world. Once a person is even suspected of erring by departing from this most sacred Soviet dogma, he is automatically destroyed, whether he be a factory worker or Marshal Tukhachevsky, a Beria or even Stalin himself.

Since the principle of the pre-dominance of the state's security above all other considerations is synonymous with the private interests of the new Soviet ruling class, it is hardly conceivable that it might be suddenly replaced by some more human idea. A medieval baron who would have objected to considering himself master of his lands would undoubtedly have been chained by his closest relatives as a dangerous lunatic.

The amazing efficiency of the Soviet police system, which surpasses by far anything Hitler's Gestapo was able to achieve, stems chiefly from two Soviet devices widely applied in all the fields of human relations. The first says that any man is potentially dangerous if he is not conscious of being permanently controlled by other people, who in their turn know themselves to be under life-long surveillance. The other device is to achieve stability by continuous changes.

A mother in any country behind the Iron Curtain must be extremely careful of what she says at home, because her daughter might report on her to the political authorities, for fear of being herself denounced by a family friend, who in turn is not sure whether someone will not accuse him of withholding information connected with the security of the state. Malenkov must watch his step, because he is being watched by his friend Nikita Khrushchev; and even if he had nothing to fear from him, Bulganin might be denouncing both to their other colleagues of the Central Committee, who will act in the same manner as all of them acted last year once they became suspicious that friend Beria might endanger the security of the state, and also their own. Petrov, the man responsible for organizing Soviet espionage in Australia, knew he was permanently spied upon by someone whom perhaps he had never met, and who in turn was being watched by someone

else — who knows? — maybe by a “friend” in the Embassy of whom Petrov himself was taking care.

The other chief device of keeping the Soviet police system at its peak efficiency consists in achieving stability by maintaining everything in permanent motion.

This technique is perhaps best illustrated by the method employed in guarding all of the more important state institutions in Moscow. The MVD men assigned to keep sentry duty at the doors of Soviet Ministries never know whether they will be on duty for two hours, or six, or whether they will be taken off after fifteen minutes and replaced by policemen from a regiment brought into the city from a remote part of the country. They never know whether the officer commanding them today will not be replaced tomorrow by another whom they have never seen. They are not sure whether, on shortest notice, their unit will not be shifted somewhere on the Caspian Sea or to Vladivostok.

With the exception of the superstrata of the Soviet class system, the same applies more or less to anyone in the U.S.S.R. and the satellite countries. A Minister in a Soviet Republic asks no questions when he is suddenly appointed professor at a university he has never heard about, and he shows no surprise when he sees his private secretary replaced by someone else whom he knows to be a spy.

NO REVOLUTION IN SIGHT

A third, typically Soviet rule may be added to these two devices, and this is to take advantage, for the security of the state, of any setback the police might suffer in its activities. We shall never know whether Beria really became an enemy of the Soviet state, as he has been accused. It is, however, a fact that the ghastly showpiece of his arrest, trial and execution has strengthened the regime, by making any attempt of a palace revolution a very remote possibility, at least in the near future.

Similarly, the anti-Communist workers' demonstrations in East Berlin on June 17, 1953, the only event of its kind behind the Iron Curtain, which raised so much ill-founded hope in the West that the Soviet empire might be exploded from within, were turned by the Red police to its definite advantage. The reprisals which followed the uprising resulted within the first three months in seventeen death sentences and innumerable long-term prison sentences, or deportations. Even today the purge has not ended. With little harm to the Soviet-sponsored East German regime, the workers' revolt was used as a pretext to liquidate all potentially dangerous elements and to warn the enslaved peoples that they had better behave, as they cannot count on any kind of support from the West.

In spite of the top secrecy to

which all police matters are subject behind the Iron Curtain, careful examination of the little we know proves sufficiently that the Soviet master minds succeeded in building an instrument for keeping them in power, which works. Sinister as it is, it must be regarded as adequate to the task it was conceived for, namely to prevent any individual or mass movement within the Red empire which might hamper the U.S.S.R. in preparing for world conquest.

Examination of what we know, moreover, demonstrates that, contrary to the candid expectations of our wishful thinkers, post-Stalin U.S.S.R. becomes not less but more of a police state, with the innumerable security forces definitely taking the lead. The preponderance gained under Malenkov and his clique by the Committee of State Security over all the other governmental departments, coupled with the fact that since Beria's downfall it is not an individual, but a principle vital to the whole Soviet ruling class which governs all police activities, shows the trend of future events.

DOES this mean that things have become hopeless, that Serov's only problem consists in training more cadres with which to police more and more peoples to be enclosed within the slowly but steadily expanding Iron Curtain? It would certainly be thus should we decide

to go on multiplying our errors of judgment, one of the greatest of which has been to believe that sooner or later the U.S.S.R. will collapse by itself. If we continue to rest on our oars, war will come inevitably, as there is not the slightest doubt that the U.S.S.R. will strike at the very moment when it becomes sure that it can win.

To avoid such a disaster, one must draw the proper conclusions from the facts, which, however obscured by Soviet secrecy and distorted by their skillful propaganda, can still be detected and evaluated.

The growing Soviet power rests principally on the diabolical chef-d'oeuvre which we allowed the Soviet police establishment to become. Should this establishment be subjected to relentless pressure by the Western powers, to relentless harassing by the U.N., by the free labor organizations, by an all-out offensive over the Western radios and all other means of propaganda, should doubts be aroused among the Kremlin's masters as to the intelligence of their foreign and home policies, the machine would soon show signs of strain. The possibility that the Communist regime might break up under the impact of its own crimes might then become more real. Then, and then only, the time might come to begin talking.

So far, things seem to be going rather the other way.

THE WHANGO TREE HAD A BUBBLY THORN



By Loretta Parker

THERE is not enough laughter in the world. Laughter is all about us but it cannot be heard above the voice of anxiety.

This sounds like the beginning of a lecture. It is.

No one has less right than I to discourse on laughter. No one could be more doleful than I. Each morning I wake hating the universe. By noon I hate myself. By night I am semi-conscious, dazed with self-pity.

Today I laughed for the second time in my life. I am not a laugher.

The first time I laughed was long ago in the days when I toddled instead of tottered. My little sister fell off a ladder. She almost broke her leg. I laughed and laughed. I laughed so hard my mother was afraid I would choke to death and my sister hoped I would.

Such humor is supposed to be typical of children and fat men. If one

is neither juvenile nor stout, then any sadistic humor traits are expected eventually to flow into wider channels of subtler merriment where witticisms and the reading of limericks take precedence over the joy of seeing someone fall off a ladder.

From the time of that first mad mirth, my sense of humor never slipped into wider channels. It remained a muddy ditch. And finally dried up. It died. I miss it.

As a plain girl longs to be beautiful and accordingly reads articles on beauty, so do I long to laugh, and I read and watch and listen to everything that might help me laugh.

I know the writings of the one and only Lewis Carroll to the pitch where hours of potential sleeping time are spent in jabbering "Jabberwocky." I love Mr. Carroll. But he cannot make me laugh.

Hilaire Belloc has been with me

(in the bookcase) for many a year. I love him, too. Yet he extracts from me a half-smile, no more.

I believe absolutely in the hackneyed dictum that the cure for everything is laughter. It is the only medicine left for a world of war and nerves.

Today I lunched with a friend who is my friend because we like to flounder in the same dark pit of gloom. But today she was smiling. This was so strange that I resentfully asked her why.

"My husband," she said, "was at a meeting last night. A man at the meeting instead of saying his speech recited a poem. He doesn't know who wrote the poem and all he knows about it is that it was written in 1840. My husband brought the poem home to me and told me that if I didn't read it he would divorce me. He said I was getting almost as morose as you and that the poem might cure me."

She read aloud the following poem.
And I laughed . . .

The woggly bird sat on the whango tree,
Nooping the rinkum corn,
And graper and graper, alas! grew he,
And cursed the day he was born.
His crute was clum and his voice was rum,
As curiously thus sang he,
"Oh, would I'd been rammed and eternally clammed
Ere I perched on this whango tree."

Now the whango tree had a bubbly thorn,
As sharp as a nootie's bill,
And it stuck in the woggly bird's umptum lorn
And weepadge, the smart did thrill.
He fumbled and cursed, but that wasn't the worst,
For he couldn't at all get free,
And he cried, "I am gammed, and injustibly nammed
On the luggardly whango tree."

And there he sits still, with no worm in his bill,
Nor no guggledom in his nest;
He is hungry and bare, and gobliddered with care,
And his grabbles give him no rest;
He is weary and sore and his tugmut is soar,
And nothing to nob has he,
As he chirps, "I am blammed and corruptibly jammed,
In this cuggerdom whango tree."



SPIDERS ARE HER PREY

By Belle C. Ewing

How would you feel if someone sent you a dozen black widow spiders for Christmas? Nan Songer was delighted. You see, spiders are her livelihood and she is especially fond of black widows!

Nan Songer is a well-known naturalist whose home is in the San Bernardino Mountains, near Yucaipa, California. She has devoted nearly thirty years to the care, study and cultivation of spiders, whose web is most important in the world's precision optical instrument industry. The spiders' strong, slender web is used in bombsights, telescopic gun sights and other precise optical mechanisms.

Mrs. Songer, a peppy woman of fifty, became interested in the study of insects while still in her teens. She observed and collected many forms of insect life, including moths, butterflies and crickets. This hobby gradually led to spiders, and in 1939 she established a regular "spidery." Her experiments gained national recognition when she discovered that the web of the bandit garden spider carried illumination better than any other.

Before Mrs. Songer's entry into the field, it was the usual practice for laboratories to attempt to accu-

mulate their own web by the hit-or-miss method of dropping a spider from the ceiling and then gathering the web which it spun in an effort to break its fall.

This method was crude and unsatisfactory and the amount of web gathered in this way was very small. Then, too, spiders spin more than one type of web; the only one that can be used for instrument purposes is the single strand that the spider spins when traveling up and down in the air. The spider spins an entirely different strand for catching its prey. This web is sticky and has no elasticity, and is of no commercial value. It remained for Mrs. Songer to perfect a method of extracting the proper type of web by a process compared roughly to that of milking a cow.

"Spiders," Mrs. Songer stated, "are very temperamental." They must be in the proper mood before it is possible to extract the web, and the spider must know the person working with it. The spider insists upon absolute quiet during the "milking" process.

She firmly fastens the spider to be milked on a wooden block by means of a wire staple. Then, armed with long, slender needles, she gently

strokes the web-spinning glands until the spider begins to spin a web. Sometimes it is the wrong type of web, and when this happens the spider must be put back in its jar in the laboratory and another spider selected.

AS THE WEB is extracted from the spider, it is carefully wound on a small wooden frame so that no part of the web is touching any other part. Ten feet of web is wound on each frame. The frames are then placed in individual wooden cartridges and are ready for shipment.

Mrs. Songer sells web to both the Army and Navy, and exports it to France, Italy, Switzerland and Canada.

If there is any substance more fragile than a spider's web, Nan Songer has not seen it. The web of the black widow, for example, ranges from .00008 to .0001 of an inch in diameter. And, as if that were not fine enough, some of the instrument makers insist on split web strands which measure about .00005 of an inch in diameter.

To work with such fragile material Mrs. Songer has devised a pair of double-lensed spectacles which can

be lengthened or shortened like a pair of binoculars. The lenses are set in yucca tubes and the whole contraption is light enough in weight to be worn just like spectacles.

Nan usually handles her spiders with tweezers for quick and easy manipulation. This is not because she is afraid of them, for she often holds even the deadly black widow in her hands.

A good "sitting" for one spider, Mrs. Songer said, should produce up to two hundred feet of web, although she was once able to extract nearly a thousand feet from one spider. She has never again been able to equal that record.

Every few weeks, when her supply of producing spiders runs below one hundred, Nan goes on a field expedition and seldom comes back empty handed.

Nan prefers to get young spiders, since in their early adulthood they become accustomed to her, and are more readily induced to spin their webs for her.

Because of Nan Songer and her interest in insects, our gunners and bombardiers are able to aim more accurately. May her prey, the spiders, spin their webs well!



"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy."

— MARY HOWITT

The Spider and the Fly

Removing Monotony from Factory Jobs

By Don Wharton

IN THE constant race to cut costs and speed production, most factory efficiency experts try to "de-skill" each job—reduce it to such tiny little tasks that virtually no skill is required. This whittling away at each factory task, timing it with stop-watches, cutting it down to the smallest possible components, making everything repetitive, has been going on for half a century. To millions of workers it has brought boredom, endless monotony, disinterest in their work.

Some firms have tried to relieve the monotony with background music and coffee breaks. Some have hoped it was offset by shorter work-weeks and bigger paychecks. But practically all have accepted monotony as a necessary price for increased production. Hence, it is immensely significant that one firm, the International Business Machines Cor-

poration, has reversed the whole trend by broadening rather than narrowing its factory jobs. It has replaced job fission with fusion—and been rewarded with greater productivity!

It all began eleven years ago this fall when the company's president, Thomas J. Watson, then nearly 70, took a stroll through the huge factory at Endicott, New York. Watson often made these unobtrusive tours, stopping here and there to chat with a worker. Once he said, "I believe in getting behind the individual and backing him up, making him feel there is someone trying to be an assistant to him and bring out the best there is in him." He had backed words with deeds. Feeling piecework turned workers into cogs, he had it thrown out of every IBM plant. He also abolished the use of stop-watches for timing work-

ers' movements. And IBM factories haven't had a strike, a layoff or even a shortened work-week in a third of a century!

On his 1943 factory stroll, Watson got to talking with the operator of a milling machine, a tall good-looking young woman named Ada Shaver. Her machine was all set up

to cut a slot in small pieces of steel, but it wasn't running. She was standing there, idle, waiting for an okay on the way the cutting tools were set up in the machine. She knew how to make the setup herself, but that was a setup man's job. She

knew how to check the setup, but that was an inspector's job. As in most factories across the land, her work was narrowed down to starting and stopping the machine.

This she explained, and Watson asked a few questions. His face was impassive — but the seeds of a little industrial revolution were being planted in his mind. Within an hour he was holding a meeting in the plant superintendent's office. He told production men about the young woman, said she had come to IBM from a department store and in a few months acquired enough know-how to set up a milling machine. If she could do that, Watson

inquired, couldn't all machine operators be taught to make their own setups and inspections? The production men didn't believe it was possible.

"Study it carefully," Watson suggested.

Two months later he assembled all top production men in his office on

the 17th floor of IBM headquarters in New York. Watson sat erect at his huge desk where he had once penciled out the thought: "To build a business you must first build men." Now he had a plan: Each foreman was to teach each ma-

chine operator in his department to set up his machine, run it, and inspect the parts produced. Job-narrowing, Watson told them, had made a machine operator in a sense a robot, merely starting and stopping the machine. Through job-broadening he foresaw each machine operator in effect having "a little manufacturing business of his own" — setting up his dies and tools to make a part, then when the next part came along changing over to make it, and so on.

"You will get more parts and better parts," Watson said. But he made it clear that economy wasn't the objective; he wanted to give



workers more responsibility, enable them to earn more money. The basic premise was to give each man the opportunity to do what he was capable of doing — bring out “the best in him,” thereby heighten his interest, make him more valuable.

In five months the revolution in the factory was well under way. Seven departments were operating without setup men or inspectors. Four were using only one part-time setup man and others were about to change over. Altogether the factory had eliminated 166 out of 334 setup men, and 126 out of 240 inspectors. Most of them became operators or foremen — without any wage cuts.

Today the Endicott plant, with 7400 hourly employees, has only 47 process inspectors. They are concerned with complex or large parts of a highly technical nature. There are only four setup men, in special situations, such as a department where women operators need help handling heavy tools. Milling machine operators now read blueprints, do their own setups and inspections, and handle complicated height gauges which were Greek to 99 percent of the old-timers. More responsibility has brought more pay, more value to the company, less monotony to the workers.

FRED HOYT, a punch press operator who has been with the firm twelve years, is a good

example of job enlargement. Formerly his entire job was to insert a piece of metal in the press and trip a lever which caused the part to be punched out. He did that all day long. When a different part was required he stood by, waiting for someone to set up the machine, waiting again for the first few parts to be examined so the setup could be okayed. Today Hoyt, on being told a part is needed, first examines the blueprints. He determines what cutting tools are required, sets them up precisely in the press, checks the first few parts with scales or gauges, makes necessary adjustments. He then turns out the parts, removes the cutting tools, checks them for wear, decides which need re-sharpening, which can go back to the crib. With his job increased tenfold, Hoyt is now the machine's boss rather than its slave.

Women workers are equally enthusiastic about broader jobs — despite the absurd notion that women don't mind monotony. Nell Matulevich was one of a group of girls who used to assemble coils for the relay in business machines. Another group soldered the coils, a third had the eye-straining job of inserting hundreds of tiny silver wires. The girls all talked about the monotony. Then Nell Matulevich suggested a way of combining the three tasks. Now each girl carries the relay unit through all three steps. The new



method has had over a year's test. Eye-strain has disappeared, fatigue lessened, production has gone up 50 per cent, and Miss Matulevich has been awarded \$2500 for her suggestion. She says the theory about women not minding monotony was "dreamed up by some man."

Incidentally, a tripling of employee suggestions has been a by-product of job enlargement at Endicott. The factory is cleaner. Absenteeism is down. Scrapped parts, which used to cost the company \$1.90 for every \$100 worth of parts, now total only 96 cents. Moreover, the impact of enlarged jobs on monotony may have some connection with the fact that this plant holds the world's safety record in the light machining industry: 12,770,257 man-hours without one lost-time accident.

THREE YEARS AGO Raymond Pailloux, manager of IBM's French factories, was so impressed by job enlargement at Endicott that he decided to try it at Vincennes and Essones. He went home, started after-hours training classes, and soon had voluntary attendance of over half the hourly employees. Now almost all machine operators at these two plants are making their own setups. They are doing so much of their own inspections that in the past 18 months Pailloux has eliminated nearly half his process inspectors. Productivity of the French factories increased 20 per cent

during the first four months of 1954.

The Italian factory at Milan is following the French lead, and job enlargement is being introduced in both the German and Canadian plants. When a small factory was opened in Amsterdam in 1951, all operators were trained to make their own setups and inspections. The same policy is being followed in opening a new factory at Greenock, Scotland.

The success at Endicott has been duplicated in IBM's newer, 7900-employee factory at Poughkeepsie, New York. A dramatic example concerns wiring the electric calculator's panel—a unit, about the size of a Scrabble board, to which 2331 small wires have to be connected precisely. Formerly one girl connected all black wires, another all yellow wires, another all red, green and violet wires. The panel moved from girl to girl on the line, with divided responsibility and no sense of accomplishment for anyone. Now each girl wires a whole panel, connecting all 2331 wires in an operation that resembles the weaving of an intricate multi-colored pattern. The craftsman handhooking a rug has no more pride in his work than these factory girls take in their panels. Moreover, if one of them gets tired wiring she simply swaps jobs with a girl soldering connections.

A few firms have followed IBM's lead. Clerks at the Detroit Edison

Company, which has a million customers, formerly billed over 30,000 accounts a day. The company tried music, rest periods and job rotation. Monotony, job fatigue and absenteeism persisted. Then Douglas Elliott, head of customer billing, began enlarging the jobs of supervisors, work groups and individual workers. Billing machine operators began to check bills themselves instead of passing them on to separate checkers, and file clerks took on extra duties of answering customers' requests and producing new cards.

Last December, Elliott reported some results to the American Management Association: overtime cut in half despite an increase in work volume, absenteeism reduced more than ten per cent, a full day cut off the schedule for setting up new accounts, increased pay for many employees, greater interest in jobs, lower over-all costs for the company. Elliott concluded that job enlargement, "which is beneficial to both management and employees, cannot help but be beneficial to our economy as a whole."

MANY OBSERVERS agree. *Electrical World* said Elliott's findings "should give any public utility, or private firm for that matter, pause for thought." Charles R. Walker, director of research in technology and industrial relations at Yale University's Institute of Human Relations, says production managers

have found that job enlargement means "the individual worker not only finds the job more interesting, but turns out a better quality product, and turns it out just as fast." Walker, after studying assembly lines in two auto plants, found that absenteeism is highest among workers whose jobs are most repetitive. He believes many thousands of industrial jobs should be restudied to find "the really productive balance between engineering specifications and human needs."

Many businessmen, according to *Time*, have never heard of job enlargement. Others, having come up in a world which since 1900 has implicitly believed that the way to get efficiency is to "de-skill" the job, are now questioning it. Detroit Edison's inquiries from businessmen are increasing and IBM's factories are drawing more and more interested visitors.

L. C. Stowell, president of the Underwood Corporation, an IBM competitor, states: "I have seen for myself IBM's work in job enlargement and am favorably impressed. The basic principle of enlarging the worker's job and thereby increasing his interest in his work is fundamentally sound. There are some factors which may prevent many industrial firms from undertaking wholesale job enlargement. But the results are so advantageous that I believe job enlargement poses an interesting challenge to every business and industrial firm."

The CANTALOUPE That Saved Lives



By James L. Harte



IN 1942, the United States knew dark days. Our armed forces, around the world, were on the receiving end of the most brutal and most devastating warfare then known to man. Darkest of all was the plight of our wounded, thousands of men ravaged by battle, who had yet to fight another war, the war against bacteria.

While this was going on, a young scientist, Kenneth Raper, walked into a fruit market in Peoria, Illinois, and inspected the cantaloupes on display. Finally, he selected one for purchase from the discards nearby. The storekeeper groaned as Mr. Raper chose his purchase. "That's a rotten one," he said. "Why not take a good one? Your wife won't like it and I'll be blamed for selling you a no-good melon!"

To the amazement of the other customers in the market, the young man smiled, paid for the bad fruit, and departed.

Even today most of us are ignorant of what that one rotten cantaloupe meant, just as the market owner and customers were then ignorant. For Kenneth Raper was one of a number of scientists who were engaged in a battle against the bacteria bringing death to our front-line fighting men. Raper was hoping

to find in the mold of the rotten cantaloupe a source of a miracle drug about which fabulous stories were being told. This drug was called penicillin.

Sir Alexander Fleming, a famed British bacteriologist, had stumbled upon the drug, named for the bacteria which produced it, by accident in 1929. It was found that it would kill staphylococci, would practically wipe out pneumonia, and had other amazing properties. But it remained a laboratory curiosity from the time of its discovery up to 1942. And in all that time, not enough penicillin had been produced for proper treatment of *one person a year!* No one knew how to produce it in quantity.

The scientists under Dr. Robert D. Coghill of the U.S. Department of Agriculture were hard at work. The need, with the war going so badly, was tremendous.

Then Kenneth Raper brought his moldy cantaloupe into the laboratory. The mold was scraped off and labeled with its test number, 382. And the cantaloupe which the Peoria grocer did not want to sell turned out to be the luckiest medical find of the century. A source of the mold from which penicillin could be extracted had been discovered.

Then came the stupendous task

of building the equipment needed to produce the drug. Within the remarkably short period of seven months the job was completed, and by March of 1944 a great new high of 40 *billion* units of penicillin was being produced monthly in the United States. More in one month than had been produced in the entire world for the entire year of 1943!

BEFORE this engineering and manufacturing genius of America's had made itself felt, penicillin was as precious as gold, if not more so. Of the small quantity available in 1943, the price of 100,000 units (less than today's adult dose) was \$25 wholesale. And, because of its scarcity, a government agency had been set up to ration it. And, too, this early penicillin had to be administered eight times daily, as it remained in the body for only three hours.

Less than a year from March, 1944, the drug was being manufactured so successfully that the wholesale price dropped one-sixth. In 1946, it was halved, and then lowered again, and again, until today the *retail* level of 100,000 units is *less than 20 cents!*

While American production knowledge provided the quantities and brought about the amazing price reduction, our scientists were still at work seeking a way in which the drug could be maintained in the body for more than the three-hour

span. Dr. M. J. Romansky, a captain in the U.S. Medical Corps, made the discovery in 1946 that the drug, when mixed with peanut oil and beeswax, would remain in the body for 24 hours. At last, penicillin could be administered by the physician in the home and not alone in hospitals where, heretofore, the every-three-hours attention was demanded.

During the war, physicians in the armed forces were sorely tried, because of the fact that penicillin had to be maintained under refrigeration, or else it would deteriorate and lose its power. Tainted, or unrefrigerated, penicillin was frequently worse than none, for its use was dangerous. Even good, refrigerated penicillin had to be carefully administered, for many people proved allergic to it.

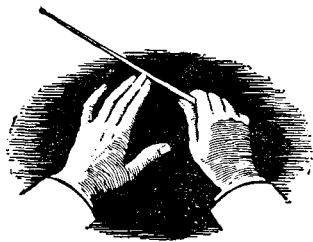
With the Romansky find, however, the producers were enabled to manufacture penicillin in crystal form which was not affected by heat or cold. No more need it be refrigerated. Now it could be stocked anywhere, even on drug counters. And, with the crystal form such an improvement, additional experiments brought about low-allergy penicillin.

The work with penicillin pioneered the way to other important antibiotics, for man and for beast, which have brought new cures and eased pain and suffering not only on the battlefield but in many American homes.

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ There will have to be an unscheduled election in the south-of-the-border village of Abasolo. Mayor Evaristo Garza, his two assistants, the village treasurer and five members of the village council left suddenly for Texas to take jobs as farm laborers.
- ✓ Ordered to “clear Market Street of bums,” a Wheeling, West Virginia, rookie policeman chased off the street two insurance executives, two city councilmen and a banker.
- ✓ Appearing before a compensation claim board in Columbus, Ohio, a woman described the work she’d been doing as, “One of those walking jobs where you carry signs.” It turned out she’d been engaged as a picket.
- ✓ As pay for their honorary page, the Missouri State Senate passed a resolution directing Senator Floyd R. Gibson to take him to St. Louis to see the Cardinal baseball team in action.
- ✓ Feeling that people were a bit disappointed when they saw him, former Vice-President John Nance Garner of Uvalde, Texas, explained: “People come by here to see me because they want to see what a former Vice-President looks like. They expect to see some big, imposing man. And it’s me. I’m just a little old Democrat.”
- ✓ A Greenville, South Carolina, father called police headquarters and asked for a couple of uniformed officers to come to his home and talk to his youngsters about playing in the street. The policemen came and the kids were plainly impressed. The caller was Greenville County Sheriff R. V. Chandler, Jr. But he has no uniform.
- ✓ No doubt about Warren E. Wright, candidate for the Republican nomination for Illinois State Treasurer, being a dyed-in-the-wool politician. When Wright’s car collided with a truck in Chicago, he came crawling from the wreckage clutching a fistful of campaign cards.



SOUND ON DISC

THE HARDY collector will remember that sad day when only a small excerpt of Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* existed on records — and that on an out-of-print Columbia. But the name and fame of Hector Berlioz has been spread abroad by such pioneers as Jacques Barzun, and now we are confronted with an embarrassment of riches. There is an excellent Vox version of *The Infant Christ*, complete, issued some time ago. And there is the very recent Columbia issue of the work, also complete. For this, let us give thanks and offer a small prayer that other buried works of this tremendously satisfying composer are put on record.

The Columbia issue (SL 199), admirably turned out by the Little Orchestra Society (Thomas Scherman conducting), the Choral Art Society (William Jonson directing), and soloists is effulgent in sound — and this gives it the advantage over the Vox version which, however, has a slight edge as performance.

Some will differ with me — and Berlioz lovers are a thorny lot — but I prefer the Columbia product. Sheer brilliance of sound is everlastingly important to any piece of music by this Frenchman, which accounts for my vote.

If I may further rhapsodize, I should like to call to your attention Epic's recording of the *Missa Papae Marcelli* by Palestrina (LC 3045). The musicologists will tell you that this is the crowning achievement of the polyphonic school — and in this case, the musicologists are right. But for the music lover who is interested in music, not in "crowning achievements," this *Mass* by the sixteenth century Italian master is a paragon of lyric clarity set into the heart-opening liturgy of the sacred service. Here again, the quality of recording has enhanced the performance of the Netherlands Chamber Choir (Felix de Nobel conducting). For those who dodge pre-Bach music, this *Mass* should be an introduction to the sublime.

Bear with me if, having made the jump from nineteenth century France to sixteenth century Italy, I leap to twentieth century Spain. That this is also a fast transition from the sacred to the profane, however, demands a mystical explanation wholly inappropriate for this column. This, of course, is preface to another highly pleasing and rewarding record — Remington's LP of Carlos Montoya, the intricately serious guitarist, and his ensemble (H-199-171). The ensemble, happily, includes one Jose Moreno, a flamenco singer of mood and energy. Montoya has been heard, and frequently, in the United States. He is a full-blooded (whatever that means) Spanish gypsy and his talented fingers crackle with the flamenco spirit. This record was recorded in Spain, so its authenticity should be unchallengeable.

I HAVE, in the past, commented on Kurt Weill's acrid operetta, *Die Dreigroschenoper* — a reflection of the German post war (I) decadence. Marc Blitzstein, who traveled the same political paths as Weill, has taken this music and set English lyrics to it. They are good, though somewhat mannered, as they emerge in *The Threepenny Opera* (recorded on M-G-M E3121) — but what is most interesting is that Weill's *ersatz* jazz which had so

much life when played by German hands, becomes colorless and phoney when filtered through the American musical spectrum.

Considerably more artistry emerges from four gently pop tunes played by the new Benny Goodman Sextet. *East of the Sun* came, if I remember well, from a Princeton show and lives in its own aura. *Under a Blanket of Blue* is ditto as to aura, and the other two tunes have their good points. I *do* want to continue saying that Goodman never lost his easy rollicking touch and delicate tone (Columbia, Extended Play B-1845). . . . Some Goodman oldies, recorded in the early 1940's when he had Peggy Lee as band vocalist, show the same qualities, and the band rocks with him. But Peggy, though adequate, just never had it. (Columbia, EP B-406). . . .

And then, if you do not care too much for pianistic subtleties, but like to hear the melody and feel the tug of a polite jazz beat, Columbia has also reissued a bunch of old Eddy Duchin sides, playing George Gershwin. *The Man I Love* is one. So too are *Love Walked In* and *Summertime*. There are eight in all. I used to think Duchin was corny — when I was young and he was alive to make records. I kind of like him now, despite his oompah introductions. A sign of age, I guess.

R. DE T.



The Defense of LATIN AMERICA

By George Fielding Eliot

LATIN AMERICA includes a lot of territory and a lot of people. The huge continental land mass stretching southward 6,000 miles from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn has about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the area of the continental United States; the total population is roughly 160,000,000, or about the same as the U.S.

Politically, this region is divided among twenty independent and sovereign nations. Their governments are for the most part governments of men rather than governments of laws. Only one — Uruguay — can be described as a simon-pure constitutional republic in which the people actually rule. From this democratic eminence, Latin American governments run right down the scale through varying degrees of shaded democracy (Mexico, Costa

Rica, Colombia, Chile) to outright dictatorships complete with secret police, political prisons and a controlled press, as in Argentina and the Dominican Republic.

One thing all these countries have in common, however, is military weakness. So far as defense against external attack is concerned, Latin America is pretty nearly a military vacuum.

This is not a cheery thought for U.S. citizens. Defenseless neighbors are serious liabilities in a world in which the Communist conspiracy has already enslaved one-third of the human race and is laboring tirelessly night and day to fasten its chains upon the rest.

Our position is much like that of city dwellers who, alarmed by a sudden crime wave, have gone to

great effort and expense to build up a first-class police force — but can't sleep comfortably o' nights because the folks in the neighboring county area just haven't bothered to provide any police at all. If you've ever lived in a city so situated — of which there are several unhappy examples in this fair land — you may have noticed that despite their neglect of their own policing, the county people are very quick indeed to resent city cops coming out into their territory chasing crooks. This may be a short-sighted attitude, but it's a very human one — and it's precisely the attitude with which we have to deal in considering what's to be done about the military weakness of Latin America. At the least hint of interference by the "Colossus of the North," the whole Latin American body politic has a nervous spasm of outraged indignation.



WE JUST HAVE to face the fact that to Latin Americans, what they call "Yanqui imperialism" is an ever-present bogey, far better grasped, far more feared, and far closer both in time and distance, than any Communist threat to their security.

After all, it is in fact twice as far from Moscow to, say, Santiago de Chile as it is from Moscow to New York. The whole vast military machine of the North Atlantic Alliance — to which no Latin American

state contributes a soldier, a ship or a thin dime — lies between the centers of Soviet power and Latin America. The Atlantic Ocean and the air lanes above it are controlled by the United States Navy and the United States Air Force. So is the Pacific Ocean. The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are, in the military sense, U.S. lakes. The only sea passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Panama Canal, was built by U.S. taxpayers and is defended by U.S. armed forces.

Finally, there is the Monroe Doctrine — that solid cornerstone of U.S. foreign policy which makes plain to friend and foe alike that the people of this country will permit neither European nor Asian military adventures in this hemisphere.

Thus shielded and reassured against exterior assault, and having the further protection of vast distance from the centers of power of any formidable overseas nation, it is hardly to be expected that the nations of Latin America should draw heavily upon their own scanty budgets to provide themselves with all the horribly expensive machinery of modern defense. The United States and its allies must provide for the security of the Atlantic and Pacific sea-and-air-lanes anyway, in their own interests. The possibility of attack from outside against the Latin American region is thus vir-

tually ruled out. So why shouldn't the Latin American governments go along for the free ride? *Pues como no?*

That's just what they're doing.

In the United States the per capita cost of defense runs to \$200 per year for every man, woman and child in the land — and that's supposing we can stabilize the defense budget somewhere around \$30 billion dollars (very doubtful) and it doesn't take into account either foreign military aid, or the atomic program, or the cost of stockpiling strategic materials. Our Canadian neighbors have to cough up \$120 per head per annum for defense purposes.

But our Latin American neighbors? Ah, *señor*. Defense costs the Mexican \$1.10 a year, the Honduranian \$1.50, the Bolivian \$2, the Brazilian or the Colombian \$5 to \$6. The highest per capita military expenditure is in Chile, where it is around \$16 — for which, it may be added, the Chilean taxpayer gets the most efficient defense forces, for their size, possessed by any Latin American state with the possible exception of Uruguay, where the defense costs per capita are only slightly less. (In these cost-per-capita comparisons, Argentina is not taken into account. The military expenditures are considerable, but Peronista financial statistics are so jumbled that it's wiser not to try to be precise. It's a fair guess that Argentina may be spending a little more per head than Chile on her

military budget, but not too much more.)

WHAT this adds up to is no real defense at all for most of the Latin American region. You don't buy modern defense for that kind of money. Considering their remote location on the globe, their excellent internal communications by rail and road, and their comparatively well-organized reserve establishments, probably either Argentina or Chile could beat off an actual attempt at sea-borne invasion, or at least hold it long enough for help to come from the United States. No other Latin American state could do even that much. Uruguay is too little, and the rest don't have forces of the necessary quality and/or size.

Generally speaking, the capabilities of Latin American armies extend only to the maintenance of internal order. In Uruguay, this means providing military aid to the civil power in support of constitutional government and in the execution of the laws when necessary; in three or four other countries it means something like this, but not quite on the same definite legal basis; in the majority of Latin American states it means simply support of the existing personal power-regime, with the ever-present possibility of throwing the military weight toward a rival regime that wants in, depending largely on the degree of control which the incumbent president is

able to exercise over the army's chiefs as against the attractions offered by ambitious opponents.

No Latin American state has anything more than a rudimentary air force — at best (in the larger countries) consisting of a few squadrons of reconnaissance and fighter aircraft. Most of the Latin American countries have small naval craft for coast-guard duty, but only three — Argentina, Brazil and Chile — can be said to have navies in the proper sense of the word. Of these, the Argentine Navy is by far the strongest, at least on paper: but neither Argentina nor any other Latin American power has anything that could be called naval aviation — the cornerstone of modern sea-power.

IT ALL gets back to the basic strategic fact that since they're defended by us anyway, in our own interests, Latin American governments aren't going to dig into their own slender budgets for expensive military establishments. And why should they? Certainly we in the U.S. can hardly reproach them for taking the free ride when for the better part of a century we did the same thing — neglecting our own defenses because the British Navy controlled the Atlantic Ocean, and British policy — based on free trade and open markets — was firmly against any American adventures by its European rivals. Far better able to provide what George Washington called “a reasonable posture of de-

fense” than is the richest Latin American state today, we saw no reason to spend the money and we didn't.

Today, though, our policy-planners would be just as happy if our Latin American neighbors would put a little more of their resources into a modest improvement of their own “posture of defense.” It's true that the sources of Soviet power are far away — farther from Latin America than from ourselves. But we've just had a sharp object lesson in Guatemala that should teach us — and all Latin America as well — that the USSR has a long arm and a great deal of experience in the technique of indirect attack.

It may be said that armed forces are no defense against the Communist agitator boring from within, and that is true within certain limits: but in Latin America, efficient armed forces controlled by anti-Communist governments can be a good defense against the results of such Communist efforts becoming anything worse than local riots or student demonstrations. As already pointed out, you don't make a successful revolution in Latin America unless you can either win the support of the army or get together a better army of your own.

In the long run, it is always argued by the pundits, the real defense of Latin America against Communism lies in a rising standard of living for the masses who (in many of these countries, anyway) now live in a

poverty, squalor and ignorance which passes our comfortable understanding. I agree with all my heart that this is indeed the basic and permanent answer, and one to which our attention should be most earnestly addressed, but it is a long-term answer. It isn't an answer that's going to be made overnight, and meanwhile the way to keep Commies from taking over any Latin American government is to have armed forces in every such country which are strong enough, well-enough armed and disciplined, to prevent any such coup from succeeding.

Of course the question of loyalty comes in at this point. If the Reds had really won control of the Guatemalan army, or had time enough to purge it thoroughly, the trouble there might have been worse than it was. There's always the possibility that in some other country they might be more successful: to the prospect of any such success, the only answer (and incidentally the best deterrent against it ever being tried) lies in collective military action by neighboring states. Not by us. At least not by us alone. That would shatter the delicate structure of confidence, which we've striven so long and so hard to build up among our Latin American neighbors, and which still shows signs of tottering, even of collapse, at every unfavorable turn of the wind.

So what are we doing about all this? The safety of all the Americas is at stake.

WHEN you start digging out the little-known facts, you find we're doing quite a lot. Aside from economic and technical aid programs — which are very important — the work of our military missions is perhaps the most effective single factor in the gradual improvement that is visible in the Latin American military scene.

These missions are of two kinds. First, there are the Service Training Missions, the purpose of which is (within the scope laid down by the separate agreements under which they are established) to advise and assist the armed forces of the host country in matters of training, organization, operation, administration, and various phases of logistics. Second, in each country with which we have a Mutual Defense Assistance Agreement, there is a Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) to administer the receipt and utilization of the military equipment furnished under the agreement. In some cases the two types of mission are consolidated: in others they operate separately, but in close coordination.

Either a U.S. Service Training Mission or a MAAG (or both) exists today in every Latin American country. This is a fact of primary importance. The range of the activities of these groups depends entirely on what has been agreed upon — and on the political "atmosphere." Thus, in Argentina, the U.S. Naval Advisers must confine themselves

within the limits of a carefully tailored discretion, while in certain other countries our officers are found assisting in the highest military schools and throughout all echelons of the military establishment.

And the results? First, a degree of standardization in organization, doctrine and armament which is extremely important in maintaining hemisphere solidarity — and would be even more so in case of joint operations. Next, our officers and men have chances to exchange ideas and make acquaintances which often prove of great value — notably where the armed services play an important role in government.

Finally, of course, there is the improvement in technique and armament which we're able to provide. From such improvement grows increased pride of service, increased confidence in oneself and the organization of which one is a part. The example of quiet loyalty and complete subordination to civil authority set by our uniformed services is not wasted, either.

IT is quite within the bounds of possibility that the capabilities of Latin American armed forces in the direction of collective security may be considerably increased by influences and efforts of the sort just described. It would be of immense importance if in each country there could be set up a small expeditionary force earmarked for such collective military action as might be called

for by the Organization of American States.

These forces need not be large, nor need they be expensively equipped. In the smaller countries, no more than an infantry battalion would be needed; in countries of medium size, perhaps two battalions or a regimental combat team, with a few planes; and in the larger countries, a division plus an air wing. These should be, so to speak, extra troops — above and beyond the numbers required for internal security. They should be instantly available whenever the collective voice of the American states calls for action at a threatened point — particularly to forestall any Communist threat such as has just been dealt with in Guatemala.

It is by developing the good beginning already made in our military assistance program in Latin America, that we can take the most effective steps toward setting up a sound defense against Soviet aggression there, direct and indirect.

Collective security is the answer to Latin American defense, but it must be collective in fact as well as name. It must be something more than the overwhelming and always suspect power of the United States. The slow growth of mutual confidence, respect and even friendship between our military officers and those of our neighbors will not be the least important of the ingredients out of which we shall see compounded a secure hemispheric defense against the Red conspiracy.

BY EDWIN J. BECKER



THE MAGIC MINERAL

BACK in the 1870's a Quebec storekeeper, H. W. Johns, started doing things with asbestos. First, he astounded his customers by donning a pair of asbestos mittens and scooping up handfuls of hot coals from the pot-bellied stove in his store. He'd walk proudly about with the glowing, smoking coals in his mittened hands. Then he'd calmly return to the stove and toss them back in.

John's stunt was good showmanship; his customers were put into a good frame of mind for buying. But he was doing a lot of thinking. He thought of man's traditional enemies: fire, weather, wear, friction and other destructive factors. He began to dream up a use for asbestos.

There was a joker, though. All the asbestos being used in this country

was being imported from Italy. Johns figured if it could be mined in large quantities on this side of the ocean and easily transported to factories and mills, then it would be a good idea to discover new uses for the mineral.

While Johns was day-dreaming about asbestos, Charles Webb, who toiled mightily on a small farm near Danville, Quebec, was daily becoming more and more discouraged. His fields and meadows were plagued with a peculiar fibrous rock that made plowing impossible. The rock was so profuse only a small layer of dirt covered it. Finally, in despair, he let the place go to grass and weeds and turned it over to the cows.

One night Evans Williams, a slate miner, heard Webb talking in the

local store. He perked up his ears and decided to take a look at the rock. What he found was asbestos — the fireproof material that could be woven. At the same time, in a nearby town, two brothers, Alfred and Robert Ward, were starting to mine asbestos.

Williams, practically penniless, had enthusiasm galore. He cornered W. H. Jeffrey, a wealthy farmer, and in 1881, three small pits were in operation. Instead of harvesting hay and grain, farmers began to turn out what they called "rock cotton."

Then Johns, learning of the asbestos finds in Quebec, began getting ideas by the bushel. His home became a workshop. He claimed his wife's clothes wringer. When she protested, he insisted he was going to make a new roofing material. So, with layers of burlap, pitch, manila paper and asbestos he soon had sheets of his new roofing rolling through the clothes wringer.

IT WAS a crude beginning, but it worked. The roofing resisted fire, it withstood the blazing sun, pouring rain, and coats of ice. Johns sat on the cracker barrel in his store and told everyone all about it, and pitched in to manufacture his revolutionary product.

Jeffrey's asbestos mine was a primitive affair. Rock was blasted and chiseled from shallow pits. In the morning when the pit boss called the men to their tasks, he did so by clanging an old bell hanging from

the limb of a tree. The derrick used to hoist the rock was powered by a single horse which patiently walked 'round and 'round.

Most people think of asbestos as a fluffy, dry, small-thread substance. Centuries ago, in the very beginning of time, when out of the universe the planet Earth was created, asbestos was fashioned in the withering heat of volcanic fire and steam. Some say that asbestos was originally purely and simply rock. This rock was stirred about in the crucible of prehistoric volcanoes. Violently twisted, squeezed and pummeled by volcanic forces, and alternately sprayed by volcanic steam, it changed form.

This "changed rock" is the mineral we call asbestos. When you pick up a lump of the green-gold stuff you discover veins making up a crazy-quilt design, very much like gashes in the rock. These veins are asbestos fibres. At first glance it would seem that asbestos is derived from the same sort of fossilization that produces coal. However, it is a true mineral and has no wood or vegetable origin.

The fibres are as fine as silk. They can be picked from the veins with your fingernail, but it is a true mineral just the same. A chunk of asbestos feels very much like a cake of soap, but it is as hard as iron. Take a knife, draw it across a lump of asbestos. The edge of the knife will be dulled — you won't cut the lump. Still, you can tease the fibres

into a soft, silky mass with your fingernail. These threads can be woven into cloth. You can touch a match to that cloth and there will be no flame.

ANCIENT Roman historians wrote about it. Plutarch mentioned the asbestos lamp wicks used in temples. Herodotus mentions its use as cremation cloth to salvage the ashes of honored dead from the funeral pyres. An asbestos sheet used for this purpose can be found in the Vatican library. Pliny wrote of asbestos fabric as "a rare and costly cloth, the funeral dress of kings."

Marco Polo reported that he saw, in Tartary, a fabric that would not burn. He was told by subjects of Kubla Khan that it was "woven from the hair of the salamander." Marco was not a gullible chap and did not believe in the reptile of myth that supposedly lived in fire. He discovered that the cloth was actually made from a fibrous substance found in the rocks of Siberia. Mining engineers of our time found these asbestos deposits mentioned by the Venetian traveler.

Even the great Charlemagne had use for asbestos cloth. He amazed the forces of Harun-al-Raschid by throwing the table cloth from the festive table into a fire. When it did not burn the Emperor of the East was warned by his Moslem envoys not to war against such a magician as Charlemagne.

When Evans Williams started

mining in Quebec he had no idea the thing would get so big. The pits spread out in size. A town began to fashion itself around the Jeffrey Mine. It was like any other mining town of the day: rough and gay by turns. For a long while it was a nameless town, until a postmistress gave it the label, Asbestos.

Today Asbestos, Quebec, is a model community, and the mine the largest of its kind in the world. Canada exports hundreds of thousands of tons of asbestos every year and scientists claim there is enough asbestos at the mines to last another 150 years.

The great pit mine is so vast first sight of it makes you catch your breath. Unlike other mines there are no shafts, just one great maw of a pit. You can stand on its rim and look across a mile of gaping man-made hole. If the Empire State Building was planted in the middle of the pit its tower would not rise above the rim.

One of the power shovels used is the largest in Canada. It is the same shovel that dredged the Beauharnois Canal. Over one million pounds of iron and steel went into the making of that shovel. It towers above you. The cab alone could accommodate two one-and-one-half story houses. Yet, standing at the edge of the pit, this huge shovel and its six neighbors look like tiny toys.

Nearly every day three to five blasts of dynamite gouge out tons of rock in the pit. After the blasts, men

descend into the pit to pick the longer fibres of asbestos from shattered rock. This is the fibre that can be spun or woven.

Other fibre goes in the mills where huge crushers mangle rock as though they were handling eggshells. Tons of it, hour after hour. More and more crushing follows. After each crushing operation the shattered rock moves over a vibrating screen and a giant vacuum cleaner sucks up the asbestos fibre while the small rock particles are filtered through the screen.

THE most miraculous thing about Asbestos, Quebec, next to the mineral itself, is the mining town. It is *the* model for other mining communities.

There is a population of 5,500. A few years ago the town was obscured by a pall of dust from the mill. Management promptly built a plant at a cost of more than \$100,000. The sole function of this plant is to remove the dust from the air in the mill before it has a chance to escape outdoors. As a result, Asbestos is the only entirely dust-free mining community in the world.

All the homes are company-built and compare well with any buildings in metropolitan suburbs. There is a recreation center with an auditorium, gymnasium, bowling alleys and other outlets.

The mine's safety program is the most strict in the world.

All employees are encouraged to

be bilingual. A French professor teaches his language to the English-speaking workers.

Then there is the hospital. It has a unique record. In the twenty-five-year history of the hospital there has never been a post-operative or maternal death! Asbestos even has a company-operated hotel which has first-class accommodations at very low rates.

Most people benefit from asbestos. The same stuff that was used by ancient kings now protects the housewife who toasts bread or irons her husband's shirts. Its insulation is perfect in electric cord. Few homes are built today without some exterior use of asbestos.

While the use of asbestos is only beginning to be developed, it has already been applied in acoustics, brake linings, clothing, fibre, flex-board, gaskets, millboard, packings, paper, roofing materials, rope, roofing shingles, siding shingles, textiles, wainscoting, wallboards, tile flooring, pipe, insulating board, lath, walls, and other building materials.

Industrially speaking, it has been a relatively short time since farmer Charles Webb became disgusted with the asbestos rock cluttering up his farmland. The deposits have only been chipped as far as the supply is concerned. Here is enough magic mineral to make life safer and more comfortable for every human being on the face of the earth.

Asbestos, Quebec, is literally fireproofing the world!

Hearts United



Live Contented

BY VIRGINIA WEISS

IN THE House of Jewels at the New York World's Fair in 1939, visitors were awed by a ring set with a single diamond. But what a diamond! That ring alone was valued at \$100,000 — something of a record for personal adornment.

Since prehistoric times, man has adorned his person with various objects of value, real or imagined. The ring, perhaps more than any other single ornament, is the piece of jewelry around which center tradition, antiquity, utility and symbolic meaning.

The oldest record of the making of jewelry is found on the rich wall murals which decorate a chapel in the pyramid tombs of Gizeh in Egypt. One panel depicts the interior of a jeweler's shop with master and apprentices all busy at their respective duties. The master is weighing precious stones with a scale not unlike the modern ones. Nearby stand the accountant (scribe) and workers at various tasks.

This scene proves that the processes of grinding and polishing stones, of hammering and soldering gold for intricate jewelry and of

beating gold into thin leaves, were already understood and in use at this early time. It also establishes the antiquity of rings and other jewelry, which were worn not alone for their beauty but also for their value as talismans or charms as well.

The Etruscans, an advanced race living in Italy about 3,000 years ago, also developed the art of jewelry making. Their workmanship showed great intricacy and beauty of design. Both men and women wore quantities of rings.

And so in like manner, scanning briefly the history of rings through Roman and Greek and European civilization down into modern times, these pieces of jewelry — these small bands of metal — have been and still are highly valued.

The ring seems to be most often chosen as the emblem of joy or woe, and all the intermediate shades of feeling in human emotions. Among all varieties of rings, the greatest romance and tradition seems to surround those of sentiment, given and worn as emblems of great friendship, deepest affection and enduring love.

From earliest times, friends have exchanged rings to signify deep appreciation for the friendship or to commemorate birthdays and other special occasions. But during the Renaissance, great quantities of rings could be, and often were, worn all at the same time. It was also a period of openly expressed emotions; there was nothing lukewarm about the Renaissance.

Some of the more elaborate rings were set with jewels, each stone having a special symbolic meaning; in many cases, the initial letters of the gems spelled out words. REGARD was spelled with *Ruby, Emerald, Garnet, Amethyst, Ruby and Diamond*; and LOVE with *Lapis lazuli, Opal, Verde antique and Emerald*.

THE CUSTOM of exchanging betrothal rings goes back to classical times. In ancient Rome, the ring represented the pledge of the father or guardian of the woman to the man who was to be her husband. He in turn made a pledge by presenting a ring to the bride-to-be. The pledge was not unbreakable, but was usually considered a serious pledge.

Far back in the Christian era, betrothal rings were given to show mutual fidelity or as a symbol that their hearts were joined by this pledge. The very word *betrothal* comes from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning truth; therefore, betrothal means giving one a truth, or

pledge. Nearly all medieval paintings show this ring placed on the right hand. The change from the right to the left hand first appears in the Book of Common Prayer of Edward VI (1549).

"Hearts United Live Contented" was an endearing motto frequently engraved on the inside of betrothal rings. Other tender expressions were: "I will be yours while breath endures," and "God's blessing be on me and thee." Engagement rings with ornate mountings and set with various stones took the place of posy rings. Our modern choice of the diamond derives from an old belief that it is the emblem of constancy.

By the end of the Middle Ages, betrothal and marriage began to be so closely related that the wedding and betrothal ring merged into one. The tradition of the gold wedding ring goes back to the second century, when records show that a gold ring was used as a pledge. The circle, regarded by ancient man as the emblem of eternity, had become the symbol of marriage.

Giving this ring of gold, too, simply follows the ancient custom of the Egyptians, who placed a ring on the bride's finger as a sign that the man trusted her with the custody of his house. Again we have the modern counterpart in the custom of the groom's placing the gold ring on the third finger of his bride's left hand and saying, "With all my worldly goods, I thee endow."



The United Nations and the U. S. Economy

By Patrick Oliver

THE FEARS of a few critics of the United Nations Charter, and the sweeping phraseology of the commitments it contains, may be fully justified before many more months have passed.

As events are now shaping up, the United States will soon face a choice between two exceedingly unpleasant alternatives:

1. Of turning important phases of our domestic economy over to the direction of the United Nations and its affiliated agencies and commissions, or, if we refuse to do so,

2. Of laying ourselves open to charges of violating the legal and moral commitments we made when we signed the United Nations Charter.

Only a handful of Americans are familiar with the broad economic commitments contained in the UN Charter, and of the eagerness of a substantial group of nations to translate those commitments into pro-

grams of action. Programs that would affect every economy in the world, for better or for worse.

From the time of the San Francisco conference, a powerful, well-organized bloc of so-called "underdeveloped" countries has been pushing persistently for sweeping programs, under the direction of the UN, to raise the living standards of their people. In both the General Assembly and the Economic and Social Council of the UN, these nations control the majority of the votes.

Thus far the United States has succeeded in frustrating the more pretentious schemes advanced by the underdeveloped countries, either by watering down the proposals, or by using its influence to defeat them outright. Its ability to do either has stemmed largely from the reluctance of many foreign countries to vote against us, and risk being cut off from those large, lush

slices of foreign aid that we have been doling out to the world.

However, an interesting effect of the first modest attempts of the U.S. Government to commence tapering off foreign aid was the decisive vote of the Economic and Social Council, last April 30, to create a Permanent Advisory Commission on Commodity Trade, over strong U.S. opposition. It is doubly interesting that Argentina, "Free" China, Cuba, Ecuador, Egypt, India, Pakistan, Turkey, Venezuela, and Yugoslavia joined with the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia to put the resolution over. Great Britain, France, Belgium and Norway supported the U.S. in opposing it.

STRIPPED of the typical diplomatic double talk, what the creation of this Commission amounts to is simply another effort to set up government-controlled, international commodity cartels, to fix prices, allocate production and export quotas, and otherwise control the production and distribution of essential mineral and agricultural raw materials. The Commission would study the problems arising in the commodity markets. It would recommend to the Economic and Social Council means of "stabilizing" commodity prices, and "maintaining a just and equitable relationship between the prices of primary commodities and prices of manufactured goods in international trade."

The Economic and Social Coun-

cil would then act on the Commission's recommendations, and there is considerable legal dispute as to how binding the Council's decisions are on the U.S. Most foreign countries, and many U.S. officials, feel that we are at least morally, and perhaps legally committed, under the UN Charter, to carry out the decisions of the Council, provided they fall within the limits of the Charter. Under the Charter, all of the nations agree to take "joint and separate action" to co-operate in raising the living standards of the underdeveloped areas of the world.

The potential effects of the new UN Commission on the U.S. economy can be demonstrated graphically by the rubber program, now said to be in the preparation stage. Ever since the end of the war, the British and the rubber producing areas have been trying to persuade the U.S. Government to limit the production of synthetic rubber, and to fix its price high enough to enable raw rubber to compete profitably. Except for a brief period after the outbreak of Korean hostilities, when the price of crude rubber trebled within a few months, the price of synthetic has controlled the price of crude. Here, roughly, is how the new UN approach is expected to work.

1. The new Commodity Commission would be asked to study the rubber situation and make recommendations to the Council.

2. It is expected to recommend that a special commodity control

group (cartel) be set up to fix prices for both synthetic and crude, to set maximum production quotas for each on a country-by-country basis, and possibly to allocate export markets among the various producing countries.

3. Based on the April 30 vote, such a recommendation seems fairly certain to be approved by the Council.

And if it is approved, we face the alternatives of being accused of violating our obligations under the UN Charter, or virtually surrendering control of a domestic industry to an international body, dominated by foreign governments whose interests are frequently at variance with ours. Should we elect to go along with the recommendations, the U.S. Government would have to impose the most rigid controls over every segment of the synthetic rubber industry, which is now in the process of being transferred from government ownership to private companies.

ALTHOUGH the details and methods would vary, from commodity to commodity, the same fundamental problems are certain to arise eventually regarding scores of essential raw materials and farm products. Fundamentally, the cartel scheme envisaged in the UN Commission, is the direct antithesis of the American free, competitive enterprise philosophy.

There are other schemes, too, expected to be advanced through the new Commission. One, proposed a few years ago by Britain's Lord John Boyd Orr, former head of the Food and Agricultural Organization, is the so-called "ever-normal granary" scheme. Briefly, this would set up an international committee, and a huge revolving fund, for certain "critical" commodities. When the price of the commodity falls below a certain agreed level, the committee would make huge purchases, and keep buying until the price rose to the fixed standard. The materials would be stored at certain strategic spots, either in the areas of production or in the consuming countries. Then, if a shortage should develop and prices rise above a fixed ceiling, the committee would release its stocks to the world markets until the prices were driven down.

The principal objections to this scheme (aside from the fact that the U.S. would have to supply most of the money for the revolving funds) is that it substitutes the judgment of governments for the judgment of individual producers and consumers, and that, by attempting to maintain artificial price levels, it would encourage increased production of commodities that are already in surplus. In other words, it would have all the costly disadvantages of our farm parity program, on a greatly expanded, international scale.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON





In the **MERCURY'S** **OPINION**

By *Russell Maquire*

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind . . ."

SO RUN the opening lines of one of our classic hymns! In abandoning "our foolish ways" as a people, and in regaining "our rightful mind" as a nation, we shall find:

THAT repentance of "our foolish ways" is the beginning of wisdom;

THAT things of the spirit come first;

THAT individuals who crave material security before freedom and opportunity are too degenerate to comprise the backbone of a nation which is *either* secure *or* free;

THAT America has a heritage of freedom not to be found elsewhere in the world or in history;

THAT the men who formulated our basic concepts of government were men of profound wisdom whose counsels we ignore at our peril;

THAT, in a world plunging headlong down the road of socialistic

materialism and totalitarian statism, we have the clear destiny of preserving this heritage of freedom by translating it once more into the concrete terms of our national institutions;

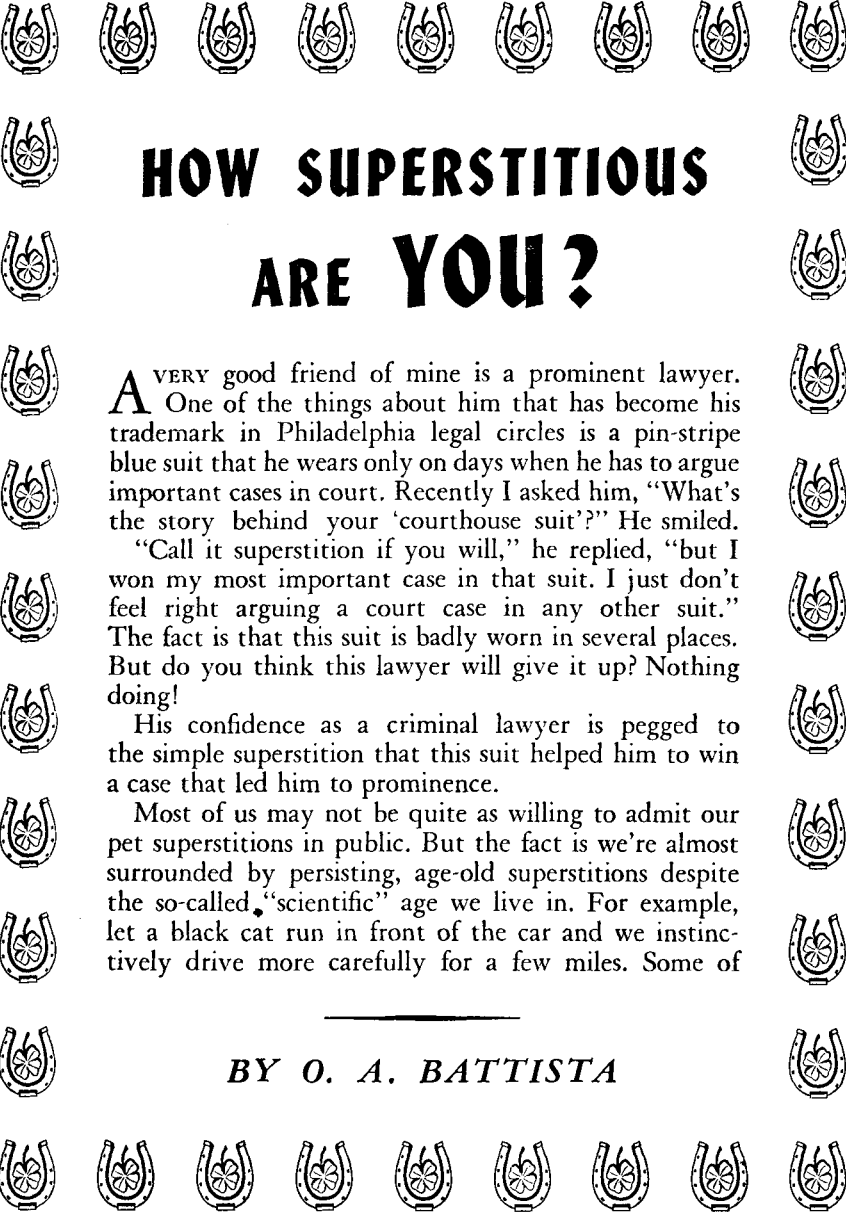
THAT present-day internationalism, conceived *either* as American responsibility to police the world *or* as an American Santa Claus to dole out bribes and subsidies to indigent nations, is a snare and a delusion;

THAT, as Lord Palmerston said of the British many years ago, we can now say of ourselves, as Americans, "We have no enduring friends; we have only enduring interests"; .

THAT, in a world saturated with the philosophies of determinism, we dare not entertain the illusion of *automatic* progress or victory;

THAT the only keystone for a safe structure of foreign policy is the principle of national survival, for which we rely upon ourselves and not upon any collection of fickle "allies."





HOW SUPERSTITIOUS ARE YOU?

A VERY good friend of mine is a prominent lawyer. One of the things about him that has become his trademark in Philadelphia legal circles is a pin-stripe blue suit that he wears only on days when he has to argue important cases in court. Recently I asked him, "What's the story behind your 'courthouse suit'?" He smiled.

"Call it superstition if you will," he replied, "but I won my most important case in that suit. I just don't feel right arguing a court case in any other suit." The fact is that this suit is badly worn in several places. But do you think this lawyer will give it up? Nothing doing!

His confidence as a criminal lawyer is pegged to the simple superstition that this suit helped him to win a case that led him to prominence.

Most of us may not be quite as willing to admit our pet superstitions in public. But the fact is we're almost surrounded by persisting, age-old superstitions despite the so-called "scientific" age we live in. For example, let a black cat run in front of the car and we instinctively drive more carefully for a few miles. Some of

BY O. A. BATTISTA

us must still admit that we get wart-wacky when we meet a toad in private. Isn't it true, now, that you decided you might just as well walk around a ladder recently instead of under it? One scientist I know is a perfectionist as far as running his chemical experiments is concerned and he gives everyone the impression that superstitions would have absolutely no patronage from him. Yet, I noticed a four-leaf clover charm on his key ring the other day.

One thing about this superstition business is that you have plenty of company, and plenty of prominent company, too. It is estimated, even in this year A.D. 1954, that about ten million Americans carry a rabbit's foot on their persons or in their cars and another three million Americans lean heavily on the four-leafed clover. The day of the horse-and-buggy may be almost gone, but millions of horse-shoes will be found across the land hung upwards above the door of a home to bring good luck just as one was supposed to have brought Lord Nelson good luck when he nailed it to the mast of his flagship, *Victory*.

SOME superstitions have a rather sensible origin, to be sure, but how others have managed to survive through tens of centuries is indeed either remarkable or downright uncanny.

Let's look at this unlucky number thirteen and the foreboding Friday

the thirteenth. Presumably, the inauspicious reputation of the number thirteen goes back to the Last Supper, when Jesus sat with His twelve apostles shortly before Judas Iscariot was to betray him. Inasmuch as the early Christians considered Friday as the most unlucky day of the week, we can immediately visualize how the unpopularity of Friday the thirteenth came into existence.



Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill hates Fridays so much he avoids traveling on them as often as possible and no mathematician in the world could argue him out of his room if the Friday also happens to be the thirteenth of a month.

On the other side of the ledger, however, the official seal of the United States contains thirteen stars and the eagle's left claw clutches thirteen arrows, its right claw an olive branch bearing thirteen olives. The seal's motto—E Pluribus Unum—contains thirteen letters.

Superstitions are a human frailty common to the majority of us in almost every walk or station in life. For example, President Eisenhower still hangs on for dear life to a gold five-guinea piece and ex-President Truman's favorite good luck charm is reputed to be, appropriately enough, a miniature piano.

Many notables carry some good luck piece. Nelson Eddy and Pat O'Brien reputedly carry four-leafed clovers in their pockets. Eddie Rick-

enbacker used to carry a dried bat's heart in his barn-storming racing days. Bette Davis will not sing before breakfast and avoids breakfast companions who have a tendency to sing before they down their ham and eggs. The late Bob Ripley, who traveled millions of miles in his lifetime, always considered it bad luck to tell anybody where he was going. Before he made a stage entrance, beloved Will Rogers, the famous humorist, knocked on wood.

Al Jolson felt it bad luck to wear a new suit on the opening night of a new show. Dr. Samuel Johnson never took a walk without touching every lamp post along the way. If he inadvertently missed one, he would immediately return home. Henry VIII of England used a black mule's hoof as a paperweight because he believed it kept evil demons away. William Shakespeare believed that sleeping in a bed that was more than 400 years old would bring good luck.

THE ABSURDITY of such superstitions as those connected with walking under a ladder or breaking a mirror is all too clear when we realize their origins. For example, our primitive and pagan ancestors used a triangle as a sacred symbol and a ladder against a wall formed a triangle. Great misfortune, even death, supposedly befell the transgressor. Sounds silly, doesn't it?

The Romans, on the other hand, thought that their reflected images

on water or in a mirror were images of their souls. To cast a stone into the water or break a mirror disturbed the reflection and disturbed the spirit's temporary dwelling place. Reasoning that a mirror reflected the body's health, which supposedly underwent a periodic change every seven years, it took little imagination to stretch the superstition of breaking a mirror to foreshadow seven years of misfortune.

About fifteen per cent of our adults, who should know better, still believe the lowly cricket is a barometer of weather and of good luck or bad, that laying a hat on a bed is an open invitation to disaster, that bubbles on the top of a cup of coffee mean they will receive money if they cluster in the middle.

Really, now, you shouldn't be afraid to look superstitions in the eye. You don't have to kill spiders and crickets, or place your shoe on a shelf above your head, or kill frogs. You don't have to knock on wood when you catch yourself boasting — which reminds me of something that just happened the other day.

I had been home sick with intestinal gripe for several days. Upon returning to my laboratory, a very distinguished scientist, one who can qualify as an authority on why superstitions are the bunk, came over to me and asked me how I felt. I told him.

"I haven't had that bug that's going around," he said. "I have been very lucky. Better knock on wood."

The General Slocum

50 Years Later

By HARRY THOMPSON

IT WAS a fair summer day, that June 15, 1904. Tompkins Square — a solid, happy, peaceful community of Germans — bounded by Avenue A and Third Avenue and Houston and Fourteenth Streets, New York, was just a bit happier than usual. For this was the day of the annual picnic at Locust Grove on Huntington Bay.

Most people in Little Germany would go to the picnic. The night before, men, women and children had shopped the neighborhood, speaking only German in shops with signs in German outside. The *weinstubes* and *bier halles* were gayer than usual and the enchanting German bands played “Muss Ich Dem Staedtle Hinaus” and “Wenn Ich Zur Meiner Kinde Geh” as they made their rounds collecting coins and subsisting on great chunks of sausages, and steins of beer. Now at long last, lights went out in the neat German houses off the Square. Tomorrow was the day.

Not one soul thought there might be a warning note in the bands’ playing of “Muss Ich Dem Staedtle Hinaus” (Must I Go Out of the City?) or of “Wenn Ich Zur Meiner Kinde Geh” (When I Go to My Child).

Fifty years later, to the day, we bared our heads in the Middle Village Lutheran Cemetery in the Bronx, where Pastor Paul H. Wasmund, standing near one of the three monuments, this one with a finger pointing to the sky, was intoning a prayer . . . A moment later Charles B. Sackmann was saying . . . “If this great catastrophe led to the adoption of new safety laws, then they will not have died in vain.” They were speaking of the 1,021 dead who went on that June 15, 1904, picnic on the excursion on the *General Slocum* — and died by fire or drowning in the city’s worst tragedy. Six hundred of the dead, including sixty-one unidentified, are buried in this cemetery.

Sackmann is president of the "General Slocum Survivors." He lost his mother, a brother, a sister, an aunt and five cousins in the disaster, which almost wiped out "Little Germany." There wasn't a house which death didn't touch. Sackmann wasn't aboard, but his sister, Miss Ann, with whom he lives, was a passenger, and after half a century she can still recall every detail.

"We were up early that morning — June 15, 1904. In addition to myself, there was my sister, Margaret, 9, and my brothers, Henry, 11, and Herman, 7. We were whispering and searching for things to take on the ship. My father and mother got out of bed and we had breakfast. My special friend, Anna Behnken, arrived. She was my age, 13. Henry could not go because he had been ill the day before. We packed our picnic baskets and walked to the *General Slocum*, and what a beautiful sight she was, huge and gleaming white. We went up to the second deck where we met an aunt and her five children. At 9:30 A.M. the ship's paddles started churning and we headed upstream.

"**W**E WERE only half an hour out when we heard the cry of 'FIRE!' A band, which had been playing, stopped. A tongue of fire leaped from the forward cabin. My mother and my aunt yelled for the children but their cries were lost in the uproar. Panicky passengers pressed past us. The flames grew

fierce and the smoke more dense. The ship didn't stop, but moved steadily forward. Passengers began jumping.

"A tug had pulled alongside toward the land side and the surging crowd was pushing us. The surge to that side was so great that a part of the deck collapsed and hundreds plunged into the water. My mother yelled for me to climb the rail and jump. I remember the cold water stinging my face and I remember people jumping all around me. I remember the cries of those who could not swim. I managed to cling to a paddle wheel, now stilled, until a policeman pulled me out. I looked for my mother and brother and sister and my aunt and cousins, but I couldn't find them. Of the eleven in my family who were aboard, only my young cousin Henry and I survived.

"My mother's body was identified three days later. Herman wasn't identified for a week. And we never did find Margaret, who is probably among the sixty-one unidentified dead."

Let's look at the old records. The *New York Herald*, reporting the forthcoming picnic, set it down as "a day of innocent pleasure and healthful recreation." The *General Slocum*, a 250-foot vessel of locust, white oak and yellow pine, was a popular excursion ship, in command of old Captain William Van Schaick, who had boarded her fourteen years earlier after her launching. Like St.

Mark's Lutheran Evangelican Church in East Sixth Street, the *General Slocum* represented security. And so, with a band playing and flags floating in the soft morning breeze, 1,338 passengers hurried aboard.

Barge skippers, tugboat men, and people ashore could hear the babble of the *Slocum's* passengers as she moved into Hell Gate on a strong flood tide.

Captain Schaick, now sixty-seven, arrived on the bridge.

It was just then, according to the records, that a puff of smoke blew from a forward compartment. A heavier puff blew out; then flames.

There was an order from the bridge. Some deck hands grabbed a coil of cheap linen hose, attached it to a standpipe and called for water. The water gushed into the rotted hose and burst it in many places. Not a drop reached the nozzle. Flames were whipped by a headwind, and the crew was cowed.

IN A MATTER of minutes, flames were racing along the tinder-dry decks and superstructure, licking at the feet of women and children. Crew members began abandoning the ship as women screamed and children cried.

The *Slocum* went on past Little Hell Gate and the Sunken Meadows as the whole waterfront came alive and craft began racing after her. She was on an unwavering course and the flames mounted higher. Rivermen

were stunned by Captain Schaick's behavior.

The *Franklyn Edson* left her dock with whistles frantically signaling the *Slocum*, hoping the old man would head for shore. But on he went and as the burning ship advanced, her wake was strewn with the burned dead and the drowning. Women were tossing their children overboard rather than face the flames. Some of those who jumped were mangled by the paddle wheels.

At long last the *Slocum* cut into shoal water off North Brother Island, the wind still whipping the flames, and with twenty feet of water under her stern.

Then, suddenly, the hurricane deck gave way, pitching hundreds into the water even as Captain Van Schaick broke a leg in his eagerness to get ashore.

There was hardly a family in all "Little Germany" which had not been affected.

Captain Van Schaick went to prison for three years and four months.

The hulk of the *Slocum* was raised and became the barge *Maryland*. In 1912, while carrying coke from Camden to Newark, she foundered in a gale off southern New Jersey.

Federal engineers decided she was a menace to navigation and blew up her broken old body with dynamite.

It was soon thereafter that Captain Van Schaick died.

But the annual service for the *Slocum* dead will go on forever.



CASTING *for* CASABLANCA

By Beryl Kent

YOU never know where fishing will lead to. And here's a whale of a tale that started with a line and is still making world history.

It began before the sixteenth century on the northwest coast of Africa in a little fishing village called Anfa. Fishing was good but the fishermen weren't satisfied. While waiting for the fish to bite, they cast avaricious eyes over the passing galleons laden with more valuable and less perishable cargo than that swimming in the Atlantic. Before long the fishermen, aided by the Barbary pirates, were going all out for looting, and using "fishing" for their excuse.

Naturally, the people whose ships were pillaged didn't like it. Particularly resentful were the Portuguese, who owned most of the ships. So they came down from the north, where the Straits of Gibraltar flow into the Mediterranean Sea, and in 1498 they put an end to all fishing in Anfa by completely destroying the whole town.

About 100 years later they rebuilt the place but weren't able to hold on to it. Soon it reverted to the small native population. Because the moisture-filled winds from the Atlantic Ocean and the bleaching heat of the bright sun kept the city especially clean, the natives called the place Dar el Beida, Arabic for the "white house." The Spaniards, who for

many years had their special trading concessions, referred to it as Casa Blanca.

Today the city's map name is Casablanca, called "Casa" for short, although the residential area in the western part is still known as Anfa.

At present, Casablanca, with its three-quarters of a million population, is the largest and most modern city in French Morocco. Much of the architecture is pleasing, although a combination of many periods.

Most visitors to Casablanca are astonished by the number of hotels and the citified look of the place — and by the high prices. Ever since Charles Boyer said to Hedy Lamar on the movie screen, "Com wiz me to ze Casbah," tourists have expected to find dens of iniquity and rapturous romance. Actually "casbah" is merely Arabic for *area* or *section* and was originally used to denote the fortresses in the mountains.

However, fishing is not a thing of the past in Casablanca. Whether for profit or pleasure, men still fish off its Atlantic coast. Numerous ships come and go unmolested in the harbor, for the old piracy has completely disappeared and been replaced by a thriving export-import commerce.

A visit to see "Anfa" now that it has become "Casablanca" will not be cheap, but it will be worth the price.

Letters to the Editor

» I am enclosing herewith check for renewal of my subscription for two years.

I have been a continuous reader of AMERICAN MERCURY for about fifteen years. At our home we receive thirty magazines. For the money, yours is the best buy.

JUDGE FRANK L. PINOLA
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

» For years I have read your magazine, buying it at the newsstands. . . . Please accept my congratulations on your present efforts. The magazine is splendid.

Enclosed is my check for a two-year subscription. . . .

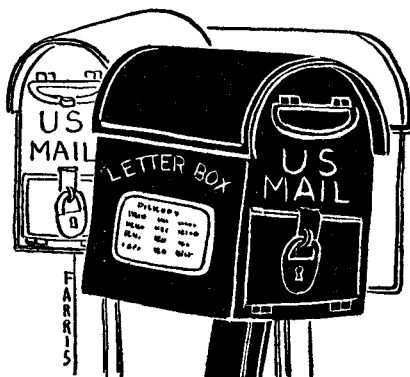
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El Paso, Texas

» You have a very fine magazine. Very few of its kind are published. We who believe in our country should support it to the best of our ability. I'm for America First!

MRS. W. W. HYINK
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» As one who has escaped the clutches of Communism, I feel deeply grateful for your courageous stand against this peril. Your magazine is *the* lighthouse guarding the rights of the American people and guiding them across the stratagem-studded seas of yellow journalism. Thanks!

In case you decide to publish parts of this letter, kindly withhold my name,



for I still might have some relatives left alive behind the Iron Curtain.

[NAME WITHHELD]
Ketchikan, Alaska

» I am enclosing a check covering one year's subscription to be sent to my daughter and son-in-law. I want them to know the pleasure of reading the truth for a change, something almost totally unrecognizable in the current daily press. If this nation should fail in its present defense against Communism — which, pray God, it will not — the fault will be that of the American press with a few notable exceptions. I do not know what in hell most of the editors are thinking of. They must be wholly bereft of sense as well as good old-fashioned, patriotic Americanism. I surely enjoy my subscription to your magazine.

THOMAS B. QUINN
Arlington, Virginia

» Please accept my heartfelt praise and appreciation of your magazine. Its brilliant and splendid writers are doing a great work in carrying out your ideals. I simply devour each copy and rejoice that we have such a magazine. I lend mine and buy other copies to pass on.

MRS. M. THOMPSON
Hollywood, California

» Hooray for the list of pro-American books in the back of the AMERICAN MERCURY. My ambition is to get and read them all. So far I have sixteen of them in my library. . . .

I have every copy of the AMERICAN MERCURY beginning with the March 1952 issue, and I constantly use them for reference. Keep up the good work.

JANE C. MULQUEEN
Brooklyn, New York

» Let me again intone that I cannot do without your outstanding magazine. Never cease this truly American endeavor of bringing the real truth to the American people.

WILLIAM A. RICE
Pvt-2 US 52316264
7461st AU (Signal)
Fort Clayton, Canal Zone

» I am enclosing the card for the renewal of my subscription to your magazine.

I appreciate it very much and I know you tell your readers the truth and let the chips fall where they may.

I don't know how large your circulation is, but I hope many millions buy the MERCURY and inform themselves. I personally couldn't get along without it.

Thank you for your determined fight against Communism.

MARION B. CHURCH
Pasadena, California

» What would we do without the MERCURY? Congratulations to the entire staff for the earth-shaking job you are doing.

J. N. KENNY
Manitowoc, Wisconsin

» In gratified response to your excellent article, "Is the Republican Party Committing Suicide?" — every copy of the MERCURY was sold out in three well-known stores in San Francisco, and the two local drugstores in our town of Orinda. . . . *Thanks* for your magazine! I finally secured the last copy available in a small magazine stand, after a desperate search.

DELIGHT DE NAVEAGA
Bien Venida
Orinda, California

» I think you are doing good work for the future welfare of America. I trust you will keep the good work going. Not many American editors seem to have the interest and welfare of the people sufficiently at heart to give the facts regardless of the source.

J. STOKLEY LIGON
Carlsbad, New Mexico

» I am thoroughly in accord with your exposures of subversives and fools in high places, as well as your unwavering campaign against the world's worst enemy, Communism.

FRANK REH
Marble, Colorado



JOBS LOOKING FOR MEN

By Karl Hess

JOB HUNTING just isn't what it used to be. In fact, for the top management level of American business and industry today, job hunting actually is on its way out. It is being replaced by man hunting. The jobs, in other words, now are looking for the men.

In a dozen or more cities today there are \$50,000, \$70,000, and \$100,000-a-year-plus jobs for which theoretical men have been picked but not found. And, in one of the most rigorous yet quiet job procedures ever tried, there are other men spending a good part of their time and talent looking for the *real* men to fill the theoretical slots. What's more, they'll find them. Executive recruitment, as it often is called, is here to stay.

Here's one way it can work. Suppose a big firm has looked deep into its management set-up (perhaps with

the help of a management survey team, about which more later). In the looking, a weakness has been spotted right at the top of, say, the sales division. The man in charge there has let his staff get embroiled in personal office-politics. Further, he is unwilling to revise his firm notions of procedures in order to take care of new products. Decision: he's got to go. At least that would have been the simple decision a few years ago. Now the decision is a more positive one. He's got to be replaced — but by the right, absolutely right, man. And this "ideal" man has really got to be someone special.

For instance, besides being able to stop the office politicking by making a team instead of a conflict out of his staff, he has to 1. like fishing (because most of the other executives live in a lakeshore district where that sport is important), 2. have a wife who

plays golf (because the wives of the other brass do), 3. not want to take over divisions (because a long-range ownership plan has absolutely decided those controls), 4. have handled similar, but not identical, product sales (to give a wide-open chance for new ideas), and 5. be quite contented, well-paid, and successful in his present job and not at all "on the prowl" for a new one.

That fifth point, a more and more common one, is emphatic underscoring for the new principle of outlining the job and then finding the man, instead of the old-fashioned vice versa. It also is one of the many ways in which the new-look in executive hiring is different from the old-look in regular employment agencies. Whereas the traditional employment agency function is as a sort of public clearing house to sift persons qualified for a job, the executive recruiter must be a sort of private-eye dedicated to finding the man for whom the job, in effect, has been made.

ONE of the most successful and skillful of these new, businessman hunters is a 57-year-old, Brooklyn-born management wizard named Julio F. Sorzano, the senior and founding member of the management consultant firm of Sorzano, Antell & Wright of New York City.

Sorzano, an orderly yet far from stuffy gentleman whose off-hours first-love is the theater, is not an idle theorist at the business of man-

agement. He has bossed such industrial heavyweights as Detroit Graphite (the Valspar Corp.), built up the export trade of Standard Varnish, and also has been associated with the Arco Company of Cleveland as well as with management, engineering and consulting firms. On his own since 1950, he has found that finding out what's wrong with a particular management almost inevitably involves the possibly \$64,000 question of "Okay, but just exactly *who* can do the job you say must be done?" Answering that is what has turned Sorzano into a first-class recruiter of first-class men.

Usually, for Sorzano or his associates, Bertel W. Antell and Donald E. Wright, the manhunt starts after they have run off one of the dozen or so per year microscopically complete management audits upon which their main fame has rested. During one of these audits, the partners interview, work beside, get to know, and thoroughly survey every single member of top management, including the president. When they are through they can assess the men, one by one, on as many as 100 specific points which, altogether, make as complete a picture of the person's assets as a financial auditor's charts would of money assets.

To Sorzano, in fact, the personal audits are in a way more important to a company than even financial audits: Money, he reasons, can be borrowed; equipment can be rented; plants can be leased and so forth.

But the ultimate success of the company and its product rests squarely upon the human assets: management. Bad management, in Sorzano's view, can't make a success of even the best product over any appreciable length of time.

Oddly enough, one of the first things that the Sorzano team tries to find out when it begins an audit of a firm's management is "What's your job?" Everybody, even the president, has to come through on that key question. And is it a simple question? It's one of the toughest. Sorzano has found almost total disagreement in certain management situations as to what each man was supposed to be doing. Not only did each person have a unique view of his own job but everyone involved also had a distorted, chaotic view of what his colleagues either were or were *supposed* to be doing.

ONE of the simplest ways to spot such an obviously destructive situation, Sorzano has found, is to ask that the management personnel draw a little management chart, a table of organization according to their own understanding and not aided by official and frequently meaningless charts. Any executive can try this on his own. The results may be quite interesting. If the charts turns out to be confused or at wide variance to the chart of another person, one of Sorzano, Antell & Wright's management audits may be in order. Like the practice of

medicine, however, a full analysis is a matter for a "doctor." Plenty of experience has taught Sorzano, and his many corporately large and small clients, that an audit from the outside, by trained men, accomplishes things that no internal, home-remedy survey can.

At any rate, after weeks of patient work, Sorzano and his partners complete an audit and turn in their summation — including realistic organization charts showing both how the company *actually* functions or malfunctions and how it better might.

If there are serious ills those ills, in turn, will be human ailments. Perhaps the wrong man in a job, but as likely the wrong job around a good man. At any rate, Sorzano says, "You can't very well criticize an organizational set-up without being able to go out and find the men who *can* make it work." And at that point Sorzano's manhunt begins. It is, by all odds, the most informal and yet most effective sort of a hunt. For one thing, Sorzano doesn't let fly a barrage of "job opening" leaflets or ads or anything like that. His approach is tailor-made, varying to fit each circumstance. And it is very direct and very personal.

Usually it involves a steady ringing of phones, as Sorzano starts calling on his army of friends in top management around the country. On the face of it, it might sound like a polite sort of personnel raid was being perpetrated as Sorzano asks

if anyone knows of a man with such and such very specific qualifications and, probably, with a good, well-performed job at the moment. (One of the reasons that out-and-out misfits aren't a good source is that they hardly would remain in an obviously bad spot for a great length of time if they had sufficient self-respect or flexible enough talent.) But there is no more actual similarity between a Sorzano talent hunt and an old-fashioned personnel raid than there is between, say, an Indian scalping party and a first-class barbershop. In the first place, Sorzano doesn't go out and "get" the personnel. He simply locates the man or men who actually (not just closely, but actually and exactly) fit the ideal bill of particulars. After that, it's up to the client to sell the job.

OFTEN, the men Sorzano ends up seriously considering for his client's further consideration, are men who, although doing a good job at the moment, face some unmovable organizational barrier to advancement. The best merchandising man in the world, for instance, might not have much of a chance for advancement in a firm whose owning family insists on filling all top jobs with relatives.

Although much of the energy of Sorzano and his partners is devoted to man hunting on the behalf of top jobs, the actual number of jobs involved each year is only about 30 to 40. In that is dramatic proof of

just how important the key jobs of industry have become. On the excellence of those 30 or 40 men, probably, will hang billions of dollars in business success.

By the very nature of his consultant status, of course, Sorzano is denied the happy returns in publicity that detailed discussions of his jobs might bring. But, knowing as much as he does about the intimate workings of business firms, he maintains confessional secrecy as to what he has done or is doing. The only job he can discuss in any detail, as a matter of fact, concerns an outstanding New York club which, as clubs often are, was beset by a seemingly perpetual deficit.

Then a new chairman was elected. He availed himself of a Sorzano survey of the club's management. Little confusions like too many people with keys to the liquor supply room, lax supervision of duties, etc., soon cropped up paralleling in some cases the weaknesses that cripple some big businesses. On the basis of the survey, changes were made. Now the club, without damaging any of its services, reaps a tidy profit each year. Moreover, the staff morale is higher than ever despite gloomy prophecies that a too-tight attention to club management would cow or crack employee spirit.

The committee chairman who did the job for the club, of course, was Julio F. Sorzano. As he says, you can't very well preach it if you don't know how to practice it.

Do You Know That —

- ▶ The Australian Royal Commission, convoked to investigate documents and information provided by Vladimir Petrov, the Soviet diplomat who defected to the West last winter, has been receiving corroboration of Petrov's account of Soviet espionage as startling as anything revealed in the Canadian or U.S. spy cases. Meagre reports in the U.S. press included word that a former press secretary to the Australian Opposition leader acknowledged having provided the Russians with a personal report on Australian newspapermen, which, according to Petrov, indicated to the Soviets ways and means of approaching such people to join the Russian espionage network.
- ▶ The U.S. Treasury is deprived of tax collection on 30 million dollars annually of Ford Motor Company profits, which goes into the tax exempt Ford Foundation, for thinly-disguised propaganda purposes, such as surveys and reports on political issues.
- ▶ Congressional hearings on investigative techniques have turned up the startling fact that out of 99 indictments returned in recent years against Communist leaders, all but 22 of those named — over three-fourths of them — had been cited as long as 16 years ago by the “witch-hunting” Dies Committee.
- ▶ When the *Nautilus*, first atom-powered submarine, will have taken to the water, she will be manned by a crew that has received intensive training for three years in various dry-land facsimilies of the power plant, controls and operating conditions of their unique craft.
- ▶ A specialist in alcoholism reports that, contrary to belief, suicide and mental depression increase in the spring and are at a minimum in the dead of winter. He concludes that bright daylight and brilliant sun are hard for the depressed or alcoholic person to endure.
- ▶ Few people realize that of nine million population on the island of Formosa, all but the tiny fraction of 150,000 Formosan aborigines are Chinese.
- ▶ Arguments against expansion of TVA and similar Federal utilities growth include the fact that whereas private utilities paid $1\frac{1}{4}$ billion dollars in taxes into the Federal treasury in the past fiscal year alone, TVA pays no Federal taxes at all.



"Bark!"



AT A RECENT New York garden show, hundreds of home gardeners lined the front of a booth from which little clusters of what looked like brown foam were being sold.

Hundreds of customers went away from the flower show with a satisfied smile upon their faces. For in the "brown foam," a few hundred eggs were housed, some of them destined to hatch into ugly and fantastic-looking insects about a half-inch in length. These insects, among the most peculiar in the world, would guarantee their owners better protection against the ravages of harmful insect pests in their gardens and on their lawns.

Actually, the brown foam can be found in many areas in the north-eastern and southern United States during the autumn season. The miracle bug that crawls out of this frothy home is perhaps well known to many people as the "praying mantis." Originally confined to the South, it has gradually widened its territory until it is quite common in many other parts of the country.

The mantis is an insect of many accomplishments. It has one of the

PARSON *in* *the* GARDEN

By Charles E. Booth

largest appetites for its size in the world of nature. The female takes the limelight, though, for shortly after she mates, she kills and devours her spouse. The highly suggestive name of "praying mantis" hardly justifies itself, however. Spelled *preying* instead of *praying* would no doubt be much more descriptive. For the mantis has a great lust to kill other insects and, in so doing, it becomes one of man's most valuable allies in his constant fight against the common garden pests.

The baby mantis, upon leaving its cozy nest of foam fastened to a twig or a blade of grass, sets out immediately to do something about its abnormal appetite. Because of its great capacity for food, it takes only a short period of time for this tiny insect to grow to full length. When matured, it reaches the size of about three ordinary grasshoppers.

A true Jekyll-and-Hyde, the mantis sits upon its hind legs, points its lengthy body upward and holds its "arms" upward and outward as if in solemn prayer. A second set of "legs" provides a proper means of balance for its awkwardness as it awaits its victims in this position. But this weird creature is wholly irreverent. Those upheld arms are equipped with sickle-shaped hooks at the ends. They can tear an insect to pieces in an instant. Running from each hook is a series of razor-sharp barbs, pointing downward, and extending all the way down the arm.

When the mantis spots its prey, it lowers its arms with a speed equal to that of any jet-propelled object. The barbs close around its victim, rendering it helpless. Then the hooks go into action, cutting and tearing and reducing to a pulp what was once a threat to some prized plant. In a split second, all this action plus the devouring of the victim is accomplished and the hungry mantis is all set for another try.

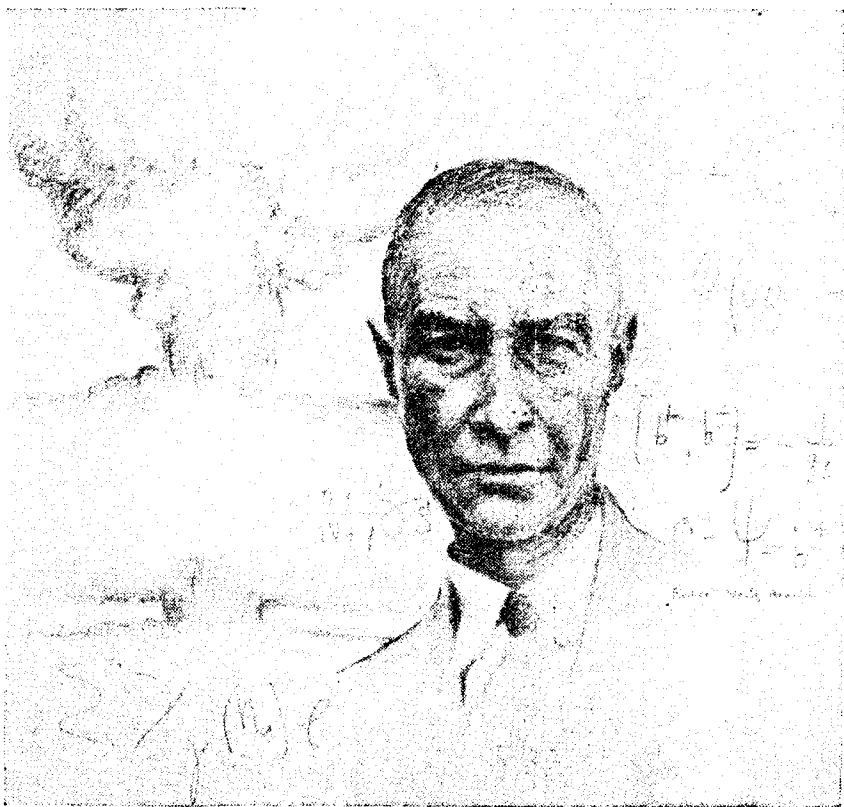
IN MANY sections where the mantis is plentiful, the egg masses are gathered in the fall and placed intact, attached to the twig or stem on which they were originally placed, in a cold room or attic. Then when warm weather announces the coming of spring, they are brought out into the open and the babies are allowed to hatch and settle themselves among the shrub-

bery or in the gardens of their new home.

Professional mantis breeders raise and sell thousands of the insects per season plus large quantities of the brown egg masses. An egg mass is attached to a branch of a plant in the garden, while the live insects are released where they will do the most good. The net result is sometimes amazing. Hundreds of species of insects which are extremely harmful to the gardens are destroyed in unbelievable quantities each year. The mantis is truly the answer to a gardener's prayer.

Although it seldom flies, the mantis is well equipped to do so, having a strong pair of wings. But it seems to prefer crawling along through grass, weeds and debris in an extremely grotesque manner, practically dragging its long trailer-like body slowly but surely to its destination. Its wings are reserved for long distance traveling in the event it discovers a shortage of insect pests in a familiar territory.

Anywhere from 50 to 400 or more eggs are deposited in the foamy nests in the fall, but only a small percentage of these hatch. And of those that do hatch, many are gobbled up by their brothers and sisters or by their own parents. But the mantis should be welcomed wherever it decides to appear. The sight of the kneeling "parson in the garden" should be a sound guarantee of less trouble from insects — the kind that threaten our plants and shrubs.



The Oppenheimer Story

BY J. B. MATTHEWS



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THE OPPENHEIMER STORY

By J. B. Matthews

FEW MEN have managed to weave a more tangled web of their lives than Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. Others have undoubtedly done so, but without having the spotlight of world history and intense publicity turned upon them.

To have the A-bomb or not to have the A-bomb; that was the question which for many long months worried the chief administrators and security officers of the Manhattan Engineering District. The question had two parts: first, could an A-bomb be produced; and second, could its secret be protected?

At the peak of their anxiety in the summer of 1943, the director of the Los Alamos Laboratory, Dr. Oppenheimer, who seemed to be the one indispensable figure in the manufacture of the A-bomb, was visiting with a known Communist woman hundreds of miles away from his work at Los Alamos.

The Manhattan Project's security officers, charged with guarding the world's greatest secret, had Dr. Oppenheimer under a 24-hour surveillance. They couldn't afford to take chances, especially in view of the doctor's known affinity for Communists. They knew he had

married a Communist or a former Communist who had not dropped her Communist acquaintances. They knew that his wife was a close friend of one of the most sinister Communist agents who ever operated in the United States. They knew of the doctor's extensive financial contributions to Communist causes.

And, to top it all off, making the problem of the security officers a tough one, here he was on a balmy night in June of 1943 visiting with a Communist. They knew where he was and what he was doing.

Recently, when asked by the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission why he did it, Dr. Oppenheimer replied, "I felt that she had to see me. . . . She was extremely unhappy." It was as simple as that; or was it? Maybe Dr. Oppenheimer was so naïve that he didn't know Communist girls sometimes make friendships for a double purpose.

Many a Communist girl has found that everything, including sex, is subordinated to the iron discipline of the Communist conspiracy.

At any rate, the security officers of the Manhattan Engineering District did not confront Dr. Oppen-

heimer with questions of morals or violations of security regulations. They appreciated the fact that they had a problem child on their hands.

It could be, reasoned the security men of the Los Alamos project, that Dr. Oppenheimer's unconventional behavior was simply an aberration which might not be relevant to the job in hand; namely, the successful production of the A-bomb. They did not wish to pose extraneous problems which might be emotionally upsetting to the man upon whom so much depended, even the course of history itself.

DR. OPPENHEIMER's relations with Jean Tatlock dated from 1936, when she was only 21 years of age and he 32. He knew she was a member of the Communist Party; she had told him so. Their relations continued after his marriage to Katherine Harrison in 1940.

Twice in the early years of their liaison, says Dr. Oppenheimer, he and Jean Tatlock had considered themselves 'close enough to marriage to think of [themselves] as engaged.'

In the Oppenheimer real-life crypt, there was swift movement from crisis to crisis.

On the morning of January 6, 1944, the following headline appeared on the front pages of California newspapers: "Woman Psychiatrist of San Francisco Drowns Self in Bathtub." Sure enough, it was Dr. Oppenheimer's friend with

whom he had been so intimately related for almost eight years. At the time of her death, she was Dr. Jean S. Tatlock, San Francisco psychiatrist, attached to Mt. Zion Hospital.

The police of San Francisco hinted darkly that they did not know or care to reveal all the facts of the tragic death, by announcing that it was "an apparent suicide by drowning."

Most extraordinary behavior on the part of Jean Tatlock's father contributed to the element of mystery surrounding her death. The generous interpretation of his actions was that he suffered a severe state of shock on finding his daughter's body in the bathtub.

Having received no response to his telephone calls for two days, the father went to her apartment and entered by a window. Before the police arrived, he had removed the

body from the bathtub to a couch. Any small boy who listens to radio murder mysteries would know that the first rule of discovery is "Do not touch the body."

More extraordinary still, the father immediately set about burning photographs and correspondence belonging to the deceased woman. What important evidence they contained will never be known; but their ill-considered destruction was bound to raise grave suspicions. If these suspicions were unfounded, the father had only his own haste to blame.



An incoherent note left by Jean Tatlock contained only one legible sentence, "I am disgusted with everything." Adding further to the element of mystery was the fact that she had not given her father, friends, or professional associates any inkling of suicidal intentions up to the very moment of her death.

JEAN TATLOCK was a graduate of Vassar College. She took her Ph.D. degree at the University of California. It is obvious that her connections with the Communist conspiracy began during her student days. At the rather youthful age of 21, she began to introduce J. Robert Oppenheimer to a wide circle of her Communist and fellow-traveling friends.

Professor Thomas Addis, of Stanford University, long known as one of the most prominent Communists in the academic world, seems to have been a particularly close friend of Jean Tatlock. Soon after she introduced Professor Addis to Oppenheimer, Addis became something of a Communist mentor to Oppenheimer. It was Addis who persuaded Oppenheimer to give large sums of money, in cash, to the Communist Party, over a period of four or five years. When asked recently whether he knew his cash contributions were "going through Communist channels," Oppenheimer replied, "I knew it."

When Oppenheimer was asked, "When did you meet this group of

Communists and fellow travelers who were friends of Miss Tatlock?" he replied, "That came on gradually during 1937, maybe late 1936, not all at once." It is clear, therefore, that in the year 1954, Oppenheimer freely acknowledges that it was Jean Tatlock who was responsible for surrounding him with Communists.

In addition to Professor Thomas Addis, of Stanford, Oppenheimer met, as a result of his liaison with Miss Tatlock, the following Communists:

Haakon Chevalier, about whom Oppenheimer wove a tale of attempted espionage;

Kenneth May, a Communist Party functionary in California;

Margaret Ellis, identified as a Communist sympathizer, who tried, as late as 1952, to enlist Oppenheimer's support of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg;

William Schneiderman, head of the California Communist Party, who, on August 5, 1952, was convicted of conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence;

Carl Rudy Lambert, convicted with Schneiderman;

Edith Arnsstein, a Communist girl, described by Oppenheimer as "one of Jean Tatlock's best friends"; and

Louise Bransten, one of the shadowy figures of the Communist conspiracy, in whose home Communist parties were often held.

There were many others; but these will indicate that Jean Tatlock

did her Communist work well.

Jean Tatlock was also instrumental in getting Oppenheimer involved in the sponsorship of such Communist-front organizations as Consumers Union, the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, and the Teachers Union. In a memorandum dated September 14, 1943, Colonel John Lansdale reported a conversation between Oppenheimer and General Leslie Groves, head of the Manhattan Engineering District, in which Oppenheimer was said to have told General Groves that he, Oppenheimer, "belonged to every Communist-front organization on the West Coast." Oppenheimer now declares that, if he said this, it was in the nature of a jocular exaggeration.

OPPENHEIMER's tangled web of life, involving sex and Communism, was complicated not only by Jean Tatlock but also by his wife Katherine.

As a student at the University of Wisconsin, Katherine Puening had married a Communist Party functionary named Joe Dallet.

Early in the Spanish Civil War, Dallet had been ordered to Spain by the Communist Party. Whether Dallet was killed in battle or executed by his Communist bosses is a question which has not been answered satisfactorily.

On learning of her husband's

death in Spain, Katherine tried to go to Spain. She was stopped in Paris by Stephen Mesarosh, alias Steve Nelson, one of the highest Communist functionaries managing the Communist forces in the Spanish Civil War. Katherine spent a week or more seeing Steve Nelson in Paris.

On August 20, 1953, Stephen Mesarosh, alias Steve Nelson, was convicted in Pittsburgh for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence. Without going into the details, it can be stated that Steve Nelson has been one of the most sinister Communist agents ever to operate in the United States.

When the Radiation Laboratory at the University of California at Berkeley became an important center of research in nuclear fission at the beginning of the war, the Communist Party sent Steve Nelson to California on the highest of espionage missions.

Once in California, Steve Nelson immediately renewed his acquaintance with Katherine who, in the meantime, had become the wife of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. In turn, Katherine introduced Nelson to her new husband. Nelson became a frequent visitor in the Oppenheimer home.

When the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission asked Oppenheimer, on April 15, 1954, "What did you have in common with Steve Nelson?"

Oppenheimer made the astonishing reply, "Nothing, except an affection for my wife."

Elaborating on this most extraordinary answer to the Personnel Security Board, Oppenheimer stated with an unparalleled blandness, "He [Steve Nelson] and my wife . . . had close affectionate relationships and I was a natural bystander." The Personnel Security Board did not pursue the matter further.

Surely, the Personnel Security Board and the Atomic Energy Commission leaned over backwards to give Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer the benefit of every doubt. In the course of his cross-examination by the Board, Oppenheimer frequently gave the most unconvincing answers to questions about his conduct at the time he was director of the Los Alamos A-bomb laboratory.

A Liar in 1943 or 1954?

In the middle of the War (1943), Oppenheimer told Colonel Boris T. Pash, chief of the Counter Intelligence Branch of Military Intelligence, a story of attempted Soviet espionage at the Los Alamos Laboratory.

Colonel Pash was one of the high officers of Military Intelligence charged with the protection of the atomic-weapons project against spies. His was not a routine or perfunctory assignment. The security of the United States was his solemn business. To lie about Soviet espionage

age deliberately, painstakingly, in great circumstantial detail, and for no ostensible purpose to Colonel Pash would be unthinkable for any loyal American. Nevertheless, that is exactly what J. Robert Oppenheimer declares that he did in 1943 while he was director of the Los Alamos A-bomb project.

Men have been stood before firing squads for less!

What was Oppenheimer's hidden purpose in trying to confuse the high security officers of this country at a moment when millions of American fighting men were taking the risks of death in all parts of the world? Or has he a hidden purpose in 1954, when he tells an absolutely contradictory story?

How, millions of Americans will ask, can thousands of scientists and newspaper editors condone Oppenheimer's behavior in the face of his own statements in 1943 and 1954? They are, on the record, guilty of a "softness" toward vital issues of loyalty and basic integrity which involve the very existence of the United States.

Was Oppenheimer's "cock and bull story" about espionage told for the purpose of diverting the attention of the A-bomb security officers from the real espionage which, we now know, went on in the Los Alamos laboratory? This question is raised by Oppenheimer's own unsatisfactory explanations.

Counsel for the Personnel Security Board of the AEC asked Op-

penheimer the following question: "Isn't it a fair statement today, Dr. Oppenheimer, that according to your testimony now, you told not one lie to Colonel Pash, but a whole fabrication and tissue of lies?" To this question Oppenheimer replied, "Right."

Again counsel queried, "Why did you go into such great circumstantial detail about this thing if you were telling a cock and bull story?" To this, Oppenheimer offered the lame answer, "I fear that this whole thing is a piece of idiocy." That reply explains nothing, coming, as it does, from the man of history and destiny, upon the slender thread of whose competence and integrity the future of the nation depended.

IN ITS final decision in the Oppenheimer case, the Atomic Energy Commission, on June 29, 1954, made the following observation:

"It is not clear today whether the account Dr. Oppenheimer gave to Colonel Pash in 1943 concerning the Chevalier incident or the story he told the Gray Board [Personnel Security Board] last month is the true version.

"If Dr. Oppenheimer lied in 1943, as he now says he did, he committed the crime of knowingly making false and material statements to a Federal officer. If he lied to the Board, he committed perjury in 1954."

Colonel Pash, who is a skilled investigator and interrogator in such matters, is still convinced that in

1943 Oppenheimer told him the truth about the Eltenton-Chevalier attempted espionage and, by implication, committed perjury before the Personnel Security Board in 1954.

Colonel Pash believes that Oppenheimer had an ulterior motive in telling him, quite belatedly, about the Eltenton-Chevalier matter on August 26, 1943, his purpose having been to throw Military Intelligence off guard in its investigation of himself.

Colonel Pash further believes that there was never any real break between Oppenheimer and the Communist Party.

The Old, Old Washington Story

In the summer of 1943, Military Intelligence, under the able direction of Colonel Boris T. Pash, had embarked upon a full-dress investigation of the Communist and subversive connections of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer.

This investigation was not related in any way to Oppenheimer's tale of the Eltenton-Chevalier attempted espionage. It was based upon the substantial evidence of Oppenheimer's own intimate connections with Communists and with the Communist Party.

Colonel Pash communicated the results of his preliminary investigation of Oppenheimer—grave in their import—to the Pentagon in Washington.

Under date of June 29, 1943,

Colonel Pash forwarded specific recommendations to the Pentagon, including the following: "That every effort be made to find a suitable replacement for subject [that is, a replacement for Oppenheimer as director of the Los Alamos A-bomb Laboratory] and that as soon as such replacement is trained that subject [Oppenheimer] be removed completely from the [Los Alamos] project and dismissed from employment by the United States Government."

Surely, that was a drastic recommendation and one which has been supported by the evidence and developments, eleven years after it was sent to the Pentagon.

But, what happened to the investigation of Oppenheimer by Military Intelligence? Suddenly and swiftly, somebody in Washington intervened; and the investigation was halted. In his sworn testimony, given on April 30, 1954, before the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission, Colonel Pash revealed, *for the first time*, that the investigation "was discontinued on instructions from Washington . . . some time in the middle of August [1943]."

Who, in the Pentagon or elsewhere in Washington, instructed Military Intelligence to discontinue the investigation of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer and his Communist connections?

Who, in the Pentagon or elsewhere in Washington, was responsi-

ble eleven years ago for calling off the investigation which might have brought to a halt the espionage activities of Klaus Fuchs and the Rosenbergs?

Who, in the Pentagon or elsewhere in Washington, was the traitor who was bent on protecting Communists who had penetrated the A-bomb project?

IS THIS one of the many facts about Communist subversion that must be kept from the American people by the imposition of the "gag"?

Unless the documents have been destroyed or "misplaced," as happened in the case of the report on the Katyn Forest Massacre of the Polish officers by the Communists, it is a simple matter to ascertain who it was that decreed the end of the Oppenheimer investigation in August of 1943. To fix the responsibility for that decision is ten thousand times more important than to find out the circumstances of the shining of G. David Schine's shoes or his visits to the Stork Club.

It has been determined who was responsible for ignoring the FBI's report on Harry Dexter White. Why not find out, and let the American people know, who was responsible for ignoring the preliminary report of Military Intelligence on the Communist connections of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer?

Other items in the report of Colonel Pash on the subject of Oppenheimer's connection with the

Communist Party, in his official communication of June 29, 1943, include the following:

"Information available to this office [Military Intelligence] indicates that subject [J. Robert Oppenheimer] may still be connected with the Communist Party.

"Bernadette Doyle, organizer of the Communist Party in Alameda County, California, has referred to subject [Oppenheimer] and his brother, Frank, as being regularly registered within the party.

"It is known that the Alameda branch of the party was concerned over the Communist affiliation of subject [Oppenheimer] and his brother, as it was not considered prudent for this connection to be known in view of the highly secret work on which both are engaged.

"Results of surveillances conducted on subject [Oppenheimer], upon arrival in San Francisco on June 12, 1943, indicate further possible Communist Party connections.

"Subject [Oppenheimer] met and is alleged to have spent considerable time with one Jean Tatlock . . .

"He [Oppenheimer] attempted to contact by phone and was later thought to have visited a David

Hawkins, 242 32nd Avenue, San Francisco, a Party member who has contacts with both Bernadette Doyle and Steve Nelson."

Having unearthed the foregoing and much other information on Oppenheimer's Communist connections, Colonel Pash was ordered by Washington to cease his investigation.

The journalistic and scientific "liberals" who have rushed to the defense of Dr. Oppenheimer may wish to have as their heroes men with feet of clay. Is this because they, themselves, are clay-footed?

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Roger Robb and Mr. C. A. Rolander, Jr., counsel for the Personnel Security Board of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, for their expert handling of the Oppenheimer case. The 992-page transcript of the hearing before the Board in the matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer is without question the most enlightening single volume ever published by a government agency on matters pertaining to the Communist conspiracy. To read it with care is to acquire an advanced education in the many ramifications of Communism.

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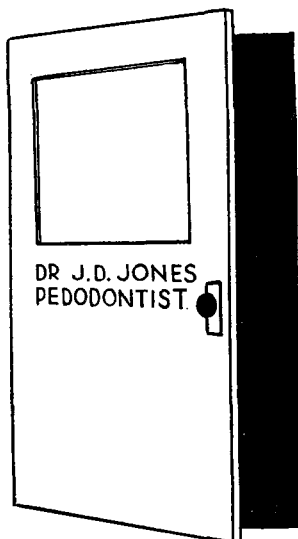
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